The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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A Pottsville, Pa., Husband Declines to Father a Fictitious Heir.

The Mirror of Life
A Pictorial Illustration of the Leading Events of the Day

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RATES TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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All portraits, sketches, and news of an interesting character, throughout Great Britain, will be liberally paid for, if used. Portraits must be accompanied by a complete record, and the sender's name and address, to ensure absolute confidence, and addressed "The Editor, The Mirror of Life," 108, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

"The price is too high; the people will not pay fourpence, because they want a paper at the universal penny." That was the cry amongst the newsagents when our representative called upon them some four weeks ago. Many predicted The Mirror of Life would not issue 5,000 copies, and suggested an early death for the journal. It is a pleasure for us to say that those who talked failure will be doomed to disappointment. The people will pay a living price for a good thing. The gentleman who acts in the capacity of managing director has had sufficient experience in America with similar papers to know that the public require a weekly which will accurately illustrate current topics, and at the same time give a thorough review of popular branches of sporting. In America, journals after the same pattern as The Mirror of Life, but with less actual reading matter, command a circulation bordering on 150,000, at ten cents. per copy. The same papers, wholly made up of American news, sell for 6d. per copy in the United Kingdom and circulate in the thousands.

The Mirror of Life is as well worth 6d. as any 6d. paper published in the Kingdom, because all the illustrations are wood engravings, which are expensive, and only used by the higher priced journals. We give thirty columns of actual reading matter and do not confine ourselves to this country alone, but treat on interesting subjects of the United States and America and the Colonies of Australasia.

The newsagents were timid about ordering many copies, but the sum total exhausted our first edition of 12,000 copies and a

Reprint was necessary

to fill orders which were received on Thursday. That enterprising firm of wholesale newsagents in London, Messrs. Marshall and Son, disposed of a large quantity, as did Messrs. Farrington. Twice on Thursday Marshall and Son were forced to reinforce their supply, which is sufficient evidence that, give the people a good journal and the question of price is not thought of.

It is the intention of the Company to have its Lithography, and the work on all supplements issued, done in England by English workmen, even though the price may be a trifle higher than the figures quoted on the Continent, because it is the English people who will support our paper, and we are therefore in duty bound, on general principles, to spend as much of our money in England as possible, because the best form of reciprocity we know of is, to "help those who help you."

Our ideas are not elevated to such a degree that we count on a 100,000 circulation in the prospective, but we do feel confident that a twelvemonth hence we will have attained the 50,000 mark for a weekly sold circulation.

* * *

This week we give our readers an excellent life size portrait of James J. Corbett, printed on toned paper, suitable for framing; next week we shall give a similar supplement of Charles Mitchell, and on January 24, our eight-colour supplement of Corbett and Mitchell will be distributed amongst our readers.

* * *

Hair-dressing parlours and public-houses should always keep The Mirror of Life on file for the benefit of customers. Proprietors of such places will certainly find it to their advantage financially to accept this "tip," because the people who patronise such establishments frequently display an inclination to look over interesting journals, and the Mirror of Life is at the head of that list.

* * *

It would be an act of charity for the police authorities in the States to permit a meeting between J. J. Corbett and Charley Mitchell, and save the over-worked newspaper men considerable labour in editing first what Corbett says, and then give space to Mitchell's utterances. Men who are anxious to mill usually do the bulk of their fighting in a ring, and avoid newspaper sparring.

ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRY.

With No. 4 of The Mirror of Life, which will be on sale Wednesday, January 24, we will give gratis an excellent lithograph of James J. Corbett and Charles Mitchell, in a ring, showing the men in the act of clinching. The production will be in eight colours and taken from a design drawn by one of the most ablest artists in America. It will be 16in by 11in and make an excellent picture for framing.

Though the picture will be an exceedingly expensive one no extra charge will be made for that issue. It is our intention to at all times give to our readers full value for their money, and in the near future an arrangement will be perfected to distribute costly works of art at intervals of four weeks.

"The Mirror of Life,"

though partly of American production, is published in London, and preferring to give English people English work we are having the lithograph of

Corbett and Mitchell

engraved and printed in London instead of seeking cheaper work on the Continent. Considering the stagnant state of trade, it is no more than just to have such work done in the country which helps support the paper.

JAMES JOHN CORBETT.

Matched to Fight Charles Mitchell for 20,000 dols. and the Heavy-weight Championship.

(With Supplement.)

James John Corbett was born in San Francisco, Cal., September 1, 1866, and stands 6 feet ¼ inch in height. He is of Irish parentage.

He has been boxing since he was 14 years old, and was never defeated. He held the middle-weight and heavy-weight amateur championships of the Pacific Coast for several years.

He has fought draws with Peter Jackson (61 rounds) in 1891, Jack Burke, Dave Campbell and Duncan McDonald. He has been victorious over the following pugilists:—

Opponent and Place.	Rounds.	Year.
Jack Smith, San Francisco...	3	1886
Mike Brennan, San Francisco	3	1886
Martin Costello, San Francisco	3	1886
Prof. William Donaldson, San Francisco	4	1886
Prof. William Miller, San Francisco	6	1887
Frank Glover, San Francisco	4	1887
Capt. J. H. Daly, San Francisco	2	1887
Joe Chovnski, Benicia	27	1889
Jake Kilrain, New Orleans ...	6	1890
Dom McCaffrey, Brooklyn ...	4	1890
Will McDonald, Albany	1	1892
Mike Monahan, Philadelphia	2	1892
Bill Spillings, New York	1	1892
Bob Caffrey, New York	1	1892
Joe Lannan, New York	8	1892
John L. Sullivan, New Orleans	21	1892

GEORGE CORFIELD.

Sheffield's Promising 8st Pugilist Ready to Accommodate all Comers for Money.

(With Portrait.)

George Corfield, who is a Sheffielder, is in his twenty-first year, stands 5ft 8½in, and scales 7st 13lb in condition. He made his first public appearance in Frank Howson's competition, for all weights, on July 8, 1890, but was beaten in the second round by Harry Clarke, of Sheffield. On February 20, 1891, Corfield won an 8st 4lb competion at the Gaiety Music Hall, Sheffield, Corfield's previous conqueror, Harry Clarke, being disqualified in the final bout. His next appearance was on October 15, 1891, when he defeated Bob Fleming, of Sheffield, at catch-weight, Corfield knocking out Fleming in the sixth round. On December 28, 1891, Corfield fought a draw of twenty-one rounds with "Dot" Fleming (brother of Bob Fleming) for a purse of £20, at the Norfolk Drill Hall, Sheffield. June 9, 1892, Corfield met Frank Kenny, of Sheffield, at Sanger's Circus, in a contest at catch-weight, for £40, and when Corfield had Kenny dead beaten, he lost on a foul. On August 20, 1892, Corfield beat Harry Low, of Sheffield, in four rounds, at catch-weights, for a purse, at Sanger's Circus. October 20, 1892, Corfield met and defeated Harry Clarke, at catch-weights, in fifteen rounds, for £100 and all the gate money, at the Norfolk Drill Hall. On January 4, 1893, W. Wilson, of Leeds, was pitted against Corfield, at 8st, for £100 and all the gate money, but once again the Sheffielder proved the winner in fourteen rounds. Corfield's next opponent was Joe Morton, Alfreton, at 8st, who he knocked out at the Norfolk Drill Hall, on April 25, in thirteen rounds, for £100, the winner taking two-thirds of the gate-money, and the loser one-third. At the same place, on October 16, Corfield met and defeated W. Brierley, of Liverpool, at 8st 4lb, in twenty rounds, for £100. His last match was against Mike, better known as Chappie, Moran of Coventry, which occurred at Drill Hall, Sheffield, December 11, for £200 and gate receipts. The men fought twenty rounds, during which Corfield showed such a decided superiority that he was given the award. Corfield is an excellent two hand fighter, and in making rapid strides to the top as a champion at 8st.

BILLY PLIMMER.

Birmingham's clever bantam challenges George Dixon at 8st. 2lb.

(With Portrait).

This clever little pugilist, since he defeated George Dixon in a six-round contest in New York, has become exceedingly popular with the Americans. It is two years ago since he went to the States, having disposed of all comers at weight in the country. When he left Birmingham he was credited with being the cleverest lad ever turned out of that town at 7st 7lb.

His first contest of importance in the States was on May 9, 1892, when he defeated Tommy Kelly, The Harlem Spider, in ten rounds for a purse of £600. He disposed of Joe McGrath in eight rounds on December 28, of the same year, for a £500 purse. Both battles were decided at the Coney Island Club near New York City.

His most important battle was against George Dixon, at Madison Square Gardens, New York, whom he defeated in six rounds.

Plimmer is open to fight any man in the world at 8st 2lb, for any part of £2,000 a-side.

WILLIAM HULSE.

Nottingham's prominent Sporting Man, and Backer of Pugilists.

(With Portrait).

Old-time thoroughbred sports are few and far between, and when you meet one, it is difficult to fully appreciate his qualities. In William Hulse, of Nottingham, we have a man who has been prominently identified with sporting for over a quarter-of-a-century. He was best known as the financial friend of the late Harry Paulsen, who fought Tom Sayers and other leading fistic lights in the olden times. Since those days he has always been to the front with backing for any man of ring-merit who has ever cropped up in that town. His last *protégé* is George Fryer, whom he brought to the front ranks. Mr. Hulse formerly bred fox-terriers, and was a successful participant at many dog shows. Though well advanced in years, he still yearns for the pastimes of his youthful days, and can be seen at all important matches decided at the National Sporting Club of London.

Old Adam is bound to break out somewhere. The Turk has no wine, but he has lots of girls.

HARRY NICKLESS, of Kew.

Champion 10st. Pugilist, open to meet any Man in the World at even weight.

(With Portrait.)

This favourite and popular champion, Harry Nickless, was born at Lambeth 27 years ago, stands 5ft 6¾in in height, and in fighting gear scales 10st. Although his record is not a long one, he has been pretty successful since he started, about four years ago. His first engagement of any note was with Connie Collins, of the Borough, whom he defeated in four rounds at the Hop and Malt School of Arms; and in June, 1889, beat Jem Sullivan, of Lambeth, in a twelve-round contest at the Pelican Club; and for a time was very busy beating George Baxter in a glove contest at Newmarket, and Ted Fenton at the Pelican Club, following this up with a victory over Alf Suffolk in fifteen rounds at the South London Gymnasium in August of the same year. He was then matched against Townsend, and the pair met at the Hop and Malt Exchange School of Arms, when Nickless won in fourteen rounds. Suffolk having expressed dissatisfaction at his defeat, the pair were again matched, this time for £50 a-side, and they met at the same rendezvous as previously, when Nickless again proved the victor in thirteen rounds. Nickless now found it somewhat difficult to get matches with men of his weight, and he laid idle until he found a customer in the redoubtable Johnny Robinson, of Newcastle, who had previously carried all befors him, and the pair met for £200 at the Ormonde Club Gymnasium on February 27, 1893, when Nickless scored a win after six well contested rounds. He beat Harry Kelly, champion of South Africa, in London in an impromptu affair at the National Sporting Club, knocking Kelly senseless in twenty seconds. Beat Bill Hatcher in nine rounds at the Bolingbroke Club for £200 and an added purse of £120.

Nickless has been rather unfortunate of late, because every match he has made has resulted in a forfeit by the prospective competitor. Lachie Thompson was matched to fight him at 10st 4lb, and £400 was deposited, but the Thompson people refused to pay the money forfeited. The match with Tom Williams, of Australia, was to have taken place at the National Sporting Club, but Williams paid forfeit of £125. The stakes were £100 a-side, open to £200 a-side, and an added purse of £200.

The last match with Dick Burge fell through because the latter injured himself whilst in training. The forfeit was but £30, not sufficient to remunerate Nickless for his outlay in getting ready.

Nickless is open to fight any man in the world to a finish at 10st for £500 a-side or any part thereof. He is not seeking newspaper notoriety, being of an unassuming disposition, and prefers to display his merit in a squared circle in preference to newspaper controversy.

JAMES RYMER.

The Mile-Ender who holds a record of shaving 100 faces in 48m. 40s.

(With Portrait.)

James Rymer, of Mile End, is open, with plenty of cash backing, to contend against any man in the world at rapid shaving. On October 25, 1887, he scraped the faces of 100 men in 48 minutes and 40 seconds.

Rymer has had money posted for a month in support of a challenge to meet any man in the world for £25 or £50 a-side.

He makes a very fair proposal when he suggests that fifty subjects be selected, each man to take twenty-five, and after four or six days' time, the same fifty to undergo a second operation, but that the twenty-five shaved by Rymer the first time to fall to the lot of his opponent on the second night and he to take the other twenty-five.

Under the circumstances any man who wants to lay claim to the honours of champion must meet and defeat Rymer before he gains a clear title.

"I have received No. 1 of The Mirror of Life, a new illustrated weekly paper, price 6d., published at 108, Fleet Street. It is designed to illustrate the current events of the day, and give a complete review of matters appertaining to boxing, athletics, and events of interest in the United Kingdom and the United States of America. A portion of the paper will comprise illustrations on American events, and the balance made up in the happenings of this country. One of the features of the paper will be the production of portraits of people prominent in various branches of sport, and the portraits given this week of John Fleming, Dick Dunn, and my old friend Mr. Alfred Allison, the well-known sporting journalist, are tasty —very tasty." — *The Star*, London, January 4, 1894.

SPORTS IN AUSTRALIA.

Hard Times Kill all Interest.

Pugilists Scarce and Purses Small.

Sprinting Past all Prospects of Redemption.

SYDNEY, N.S.W.—Every thing in the sporting line continues to be flat, mainly on account of hard times. At Newcastle Collieries want and misery are predominant features, and have cast a shadow of gloom over the once properous district. That the distress in and around Newcastle is now exceptionally severe may be gathered from the fact that the miners, for the fortnight ending with last pay, had worked at the most nine days, and in the least one. No fewer than six local collieries were during that period shut down altogether. When it is bad in that section it is felt severely here. No prospect of improvement is anticipated in the near future. The only fight of any account booked is between Joe Goddard and Harry Laing, who are to meet at Melbourne, for a purse of £150, and a side bet of £100. There are a few contests for small purses, but the encouragement shown by the people is not sufficient to create any hope of a revival.

Sprint running is not likely to boom again for many years, and most of the 500 or more men who used to get a lucrative living out of running are now forced to work for a living or starve. The first set-back foot running got was the death of Frank Smith. That left only Mr. J. D. Young, of the Carrington Grounds, to give fat purses; now, however, Mr. Young has died, after a brief illness. Mr. Young was one of the company who promoted and established the Carrington Grounds, the scene of many brilliant pedestrian displays during the years it flourished. Beginning with a £525 handicap (won by C. E. Merchant) in December, 1886, a successful and profitable run of luck set in for the shareholders, of whom "J. D.," as he was usually styled, was a kind of king. Majestic in appearance, although bluff and kindly in manner, and addicted in a pronounced degree to backing his fancy, he was a central figure at Carrington. He was no stranger at Botany, and the other grounds either, and his money has made many a favourite in principal handicaps. Whatever ped. he backed looked forward to a good dividend, and he generally get it, too, if successful. There will no doubt be small handicaps decided from time to time but the game has past redemption, and besides there are no men here who would risk a great deal over such an event.

Boat-racing is not popular because Janus Stansbury, our best man, is none too well fancied by the people at large. Old Bill Beach or Harry Searle as champions would have maintained more life in that noble branch of sport.

The New South Wales Gun Club hold sweepstake matches once a week, but there is not a great deal of betting there, and besides the field of entries often proves slim. In New Zealand business is much better than it is here, but the people do not go so mad over sport as we do. What they need here is to settle down to the proper plane and encourage emigration. On the contrary, it is discouraged, and if any branch of sport creates any interest at all the people go crazy over it and carry their ideas to extremes. C. J. T.

"CHAPPIE" MORAN.

Of Coventry, Who is Champion Bantam Weight Pugilist of America.

MICHAEL MORAN, who, as his name implies, is of Irish parentage, was born at Birmingham on December 12, 1868, and is consequently in his twenty-fifth year. He stands 5ft 2in, and scales 7st 7lb in condition. He received his boxing education in Birmingham; but on July 5, 1887, when nineteen years of age, went to America and joined the Scottish American Club of Jersey City. He made his first appearance before the club in 1887, when he won the Bantam-weight Championship of America, defeating G. Denham, of Brooklyn, in the opening round, and F. Donovan, of Brooklyn, in the final. In 1888 Moran again won the Bantam-weight Championship of America, defeating F. Donovan and D. O'Brien. After a trip to England Moran returned to America in 1889, and again competed for the Bantam-weight Championship, and, after having the best of the bout, the referee's decision was in favour of D. O'Brien. Moran turned professional in the early part of 1889, and beat J. Watson of Paterson, N.J., in four rounds at Jersey City, N.J. Returning to England, Moran defeated F. Brown, of Birmingham (who weighed 9st), in four rounds. Matched with C. Gower, of London, but no battle took place, and afterwards met Billy Plimmer, of Birmingham, in an eight round contest; beat Tom Varley (9st), at Alf Greenfield's, Birmingham; met Patsy Sheehan, of London, at the Royal Aquarium, but the referee's decision was adverse to Moran. In March, 1889, Moran again sailed for America, and on May 29 of the same year he fought F. Donovan for the Bantam-weight Championship, with skin-tight gloves, and won in fourteen rounds. Moran next vanquished Bill Hensall, at the Knickerbocker Gardens, in three rounds; and at Philadelphia, before the Quaker City Athletic Club, he took down Jack Lynch's number in four rounds; and at Arthur Chambers', the Champion's Rest, Philadelphia, he again beat Jack Lynch in six rounds. At Paterson, N.J., Moran beat J. Watson in six rounds; and shortly afterwards was matched to fight Tommy "Spider" Kelly, of Harlem, N.J., but the latter forfeited; again matched with Kelly, who was almost a stone the heavier man, to fight with skin-tight gloves, for £100, and after fighting ten rounds, during which Moran had all the best of the fighting, Kelly got home a chance blow, and won. Moran again challenged Kelly, who refused to fight. He again returned to England, and on December 22, 1890, at Bat Mullins' School of Arms, he beat Patsy Sheehan, of London, with small gloves, in eight rounds. On June 10, 1891, Moran beat Sid Phillips, of London, with small gloves, at the National Sporting Club, the contest extending over twenty rounds, in one hour and twenty minutes. Moran's next opponent was G. Smith, whom he beat in six rounds with small gloves at Birmingham. On November 7, 1891, Moran again returned to America, and was matched to fight Eddie Avery, of Brooklyn, N.Y., with skin tight gloves, for £100 and Bantam-weight Championship of America; but the contest fell through at the ring side, owing to Avery's backer failing to post his money. February 6, 1892, at the New York Athletic Club, Moran knocked out Jack Finlay, of New York, in four rounds, for a purse of £20. On February 27, 1892, Moran sent Frank Donovan to sleep in five rounds, at the Manhattan Athletic Club. In March, 1892, at the Grand Army Hall, Brooklyn, N.Y., Moran met Eddie Avery, of New York, for £50 a-side, two-thirds of the gate money, and the 7st 7lb Championship of America. After fighting seven rounds, in which Moran showed to the best advantage, the spectators several times broke into the ring, and the referee decided the fight a draw. As Moran saw no chance of getting on another match in America he sailed for England on April 9, 1893. For some time after his arrival he tried to get on a match with several members of the 7st 7lb division, but it was not until July that he should have met Fred Precious, of Birmingham, for the 7st 9lb Championship and £50 a-side. The battle was fixed to take place at Harry Thompson's Leeds Gymnasium, and they weighed in on July 10, but owing to Precious refusing to fight before July 12, the match was never brought to an issue. His defeat by Corfield reflects no discredit upon his ability, when it is taken into consideration that the Sheffield man is the champion at his weight.

A "DAGO'S" MURDEROUS ASSAULT.

A Razor Drawn Across a Customer's Throat.

(Subject of Illustration).

IT does not pay to rile an Italian, a fact which was demonstrated at Elizabeth, N. J., U.S.A., in December. Antonia Medella keeps a barber shop at Elizabeth, and James O'Harra and Andrew Donohue entered to be shaved. O'Harra was first in the chair, and Medella began to shave him.

Both O'Harra and Donohue are regular customers, and the former has been in the habit of running a bill, which he paid usually on Saturday night. O'Harra was about half shaved when Medella demanded payment due for shaving him for two weeks. O'Harra disputed the amount of the bill in a bantering manner. Hot words followed, however, and finally O'Harra declined to pay at all.

This made Medella furious. He left the chair and walked up and down the room while he talked. Then rushing up to the chair he started apparently to finish shaving O'Harra. A second later he drew the razor across his victim's throat, making a deep gash, but not cutting the windpipe.

O'Harra attempted to leave the chair, but the barber held him down and slashed him again. Donohue finally came to the aid of his pal, and there followed an unequal and furious hand-to-hand struggle, Medella using his razor with effect. Donohue received two big gashes in his back near the spinal column and another across his face extending from his temple to his chin. The noise of the affray attracted some passers-by, who rushed into the shop and secured Medella and held him until the arrival of the police. In the crowd which gathered were many friends of the injured men, and the police had difficulty in preventing them from lynching Medella.

O'Harra was removed to the hospital in a critical condition, and Donohue was taken home. Later his condition also became so serious that he was removed to the hospital. Medella was locked up at the Police Headquarters.

HE SPURNS THE BOGUS BABY.

A Pottsville, Pa., Husband Declines to Father a Fictitious Heir.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A CASE of extraordinary features has been brought to light at Pottsville, Pa., U.S.A., through the police officials of Philadelphia. The substance of the story is that a young woman, who said she was Mrs. Savage, wife of a reputable Pottsville citizen, recently procured a baby at Philadelphia to be taken to Pottsville, and there palmed off on her husband to pacify his desires for an heir.

The details of what transpired are not fully known, but it is said that the wife, on reaching home Christmas Eve, placed the foundling in a pillow-case, and hung it up on the mantelpiece as a Christmas gift to surprise her husband. Meanwhile, she retired behind a Japanese screen to note what effect the discovery would have on Mr. Savage. She had not long to wait ere her wish was gratified in a manner which she did not fully appreciate. It can only be said that the same evening she was seen boarding a train for Philadelphia, and the following day called on Dr. Janus, whom she obtained the offspring of, with the story that Mr. Savage would not have the baby, but wanted one of his own, preferring a legitimate heir to one purchased of a stranger. Would Dr. Janus please take the baby back?

The doctor refused to receive the child. Then its newly-acquired foster mother went with the infant to the nearest police-station. Here also the officers refused to receive and attempt to dispose of the waif. They were afraid of being connected with a conspiracy.

At the Board of Health headquarters Mrs. Savage was referred to Secretary Crew, of the Society to Protect Children from Cruelty. But Mr. Crew didn't want the baby either, with the suspicions attached to it. So he sent his visitor to the Women's Directory, No. 238, North Tenth Street. Here the child is being cared for, and Mrs. Savage has disappeared from the scene. When Mrs. Dr. Janus was seen at her residence, she stated that the baby was procured after repeated requests of Mrs. Savage, it being a female child 2½ months old. It was the offspring of an unfortunate girl, whose name she refused to divulge. Dr. Janus claims the transaction a perfectly legitimate one, and believed she was conferring a favour on the mother and foster mother in bartering the infant.

Mr. Savage threatens a divorce suit, whilst his better half is well-nigh heart-broken to think her intended Christmas gift was not appreciated.

KICKED FROM A HOUSE OF WORSHIP.

A Clergyman Proves Himself Master of a Disorderly Young Man.

(Subject of Illustration.)

THE practice of athletics should be indulged in by all classes—a fact proven by the clergyman of a suburban church, who, when preaching, found an unruly element in attendance at about every service. Patience ceased to be a virtue with the disciple of God, who singled out the leader of the weekly disturbance. A request to leave before service commenced was met with an insulting response. The other Sabbath, and in order to dispel the thorn, he grasped the miscreant by the collar and ejected him into the street, greatly to the surprise and amusement of the congregation. When the clergyman delivers a sermon now you can hear a pin drop in all parts of the house of worship.

HURLED INTO ETERNITY.

A Misstep in the Alps Sends a Loving Couple to Meet Their Maker.

(Subject of Illustration.)

TOURISTS to the Alps should take timely warning, and not venture too close to the brink of a mountain side. Advices reach us to the effect that a newly-married couple from England, on a wedding tour to the Alps, while out for a stroll, ventured too close to the edge, and, by a misstep, both were cast down the mountain side. Their bodies were found at the bottom a shapeless mass of humanity, almost beyond recognition.

SIMPLE BUT EFFECTIVE.

How a Wife showed Convincing Proof of a Falsehood.

(Subject of Illustration.)

THERE is one husband who does not visit the clubs as frequently as he did, and all through imbibing too freely. Living in the suburbs of London is a couple who have always led a peaceful and happy life up to within six months ago, when the husband found the companionship of male friends more attractive than his better half. It got to be a case of going to the club every night and returning with a suspicious gait at midnight. Patience ceased to be a virtue, and as a final resort she got from her husband a promise to return home at a reasonable hour in a temperate condition. It was written on the door "Promised at 8.30 p.m. to be sober." Her liege lord returned in the small hours of the morn speechless. Aside of the promise she wrote "Got home at 2.30 a.m. Condition, drunk." When the husband arose to prepare for breakfast his wife made him face the music. Promises to do better in the future keeps the wife from going back to mamma. The club sees one man less nightly, but how long will the reform last?

TAFT DROPS DEAD.

An Unlucky Fall ends Taft's Career in the Prize Ring.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A PRIZE FIGHT with skin gloves, to a finish, between William Scott and Jim Taft, occurred at Des Moins, Iowa, U.S.A., January 3, for a purse subscribed by the citizens, and ended in rather an unexpected manner.

The men met in a large room and arranged a temporary ring. The floor was rather slippery, which made it difficult for the men to retain their footing. At the outset Taft had all the best of the match, and looked as though he would win easily. Scott fought bravely in hopes of turning matters in his favour, and, to take a last chance for a knock-out blow, he swung his right hand in a wicked manner. Taft threw back his body to avoid being hit, and in so doing lost his balance and fell heavily to the floor. His head struck with a sickening thud, and there he lay as though badly dazed. All efforts to revive him proved futile, and he expired shortly afterwards. The examining physician certified that Taft died from concussion of the brain.

TOM SYMONDS.

The Popular London Sport who keeps the "Blue Anchor."

(With Portrait.)

THE "Blue Anchor," Shoreditch, is unquestionably the best known resort in the world for pugilists, and at that place such men as Jem Mace, Joe Nolan, and other clever old-time champions were developed. Of late years, Toff Wall, Jem Smith, the Baxter brothers, and many other good men, have come forward as graduates from the "Blue Anchor." Old Bill Richardson was the man who made the place famous and backed the fighters, but only under the old style, and it would be hard to name a battle where he had his money which went against old Bill's judgment. The ring followers pinned their faith in Bill, and their money followed his.

When he died the old resort got into the hands of Tom Symonds, who has been Richardson's right hand man for years. Much of the prosperity of the place was due to Mr. Symonds, and since he became mine host he has made it a point to encourage glove contests by offering liberal purses, being satisfied if he squeezed out whole, and not a loser.

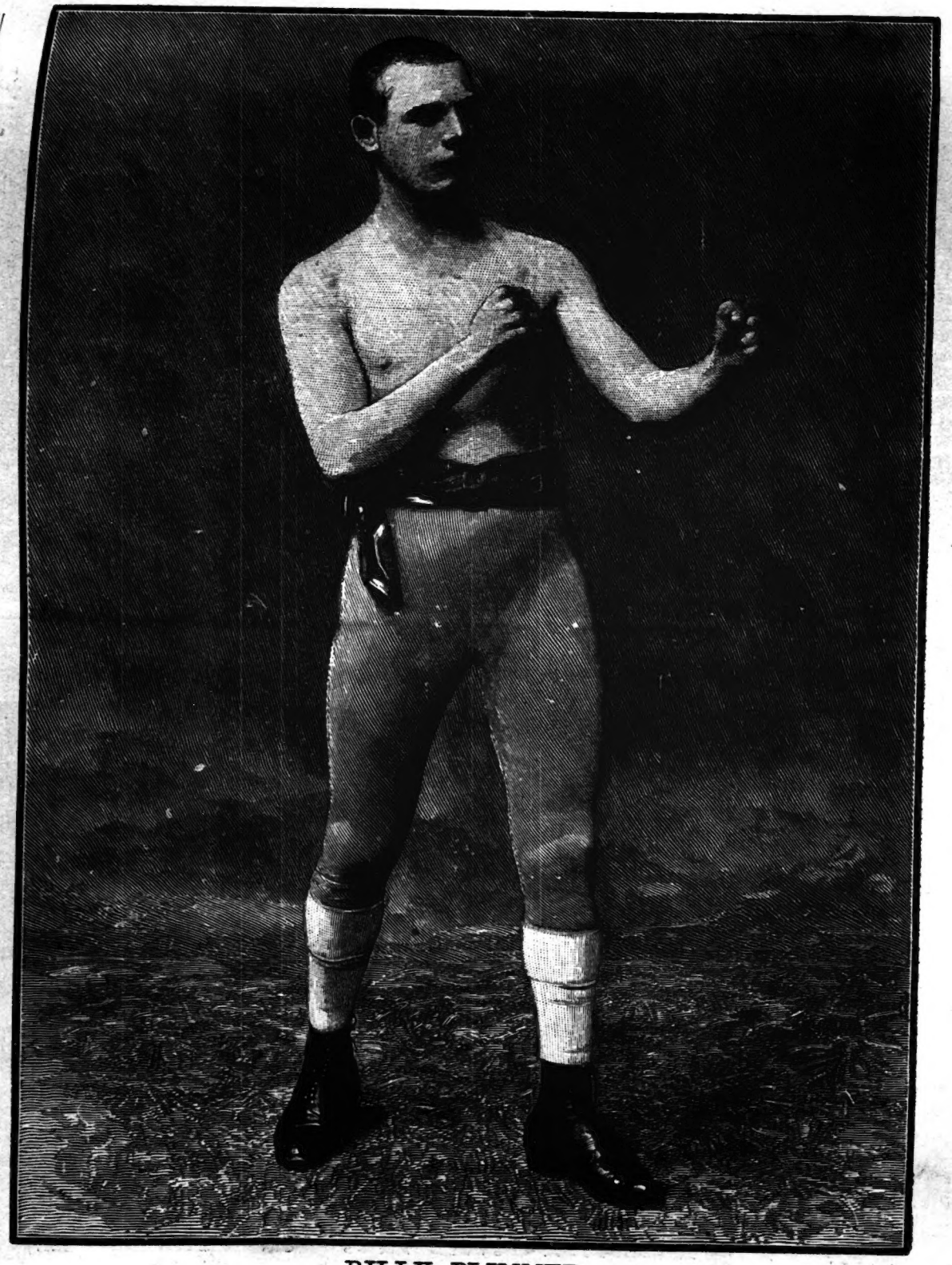
Mr. Symonds has many friends, not only amongst the fraternity, but the admirers of the game, who regard him as a good honest sporting man.

A MONTE CARLO MURDER.

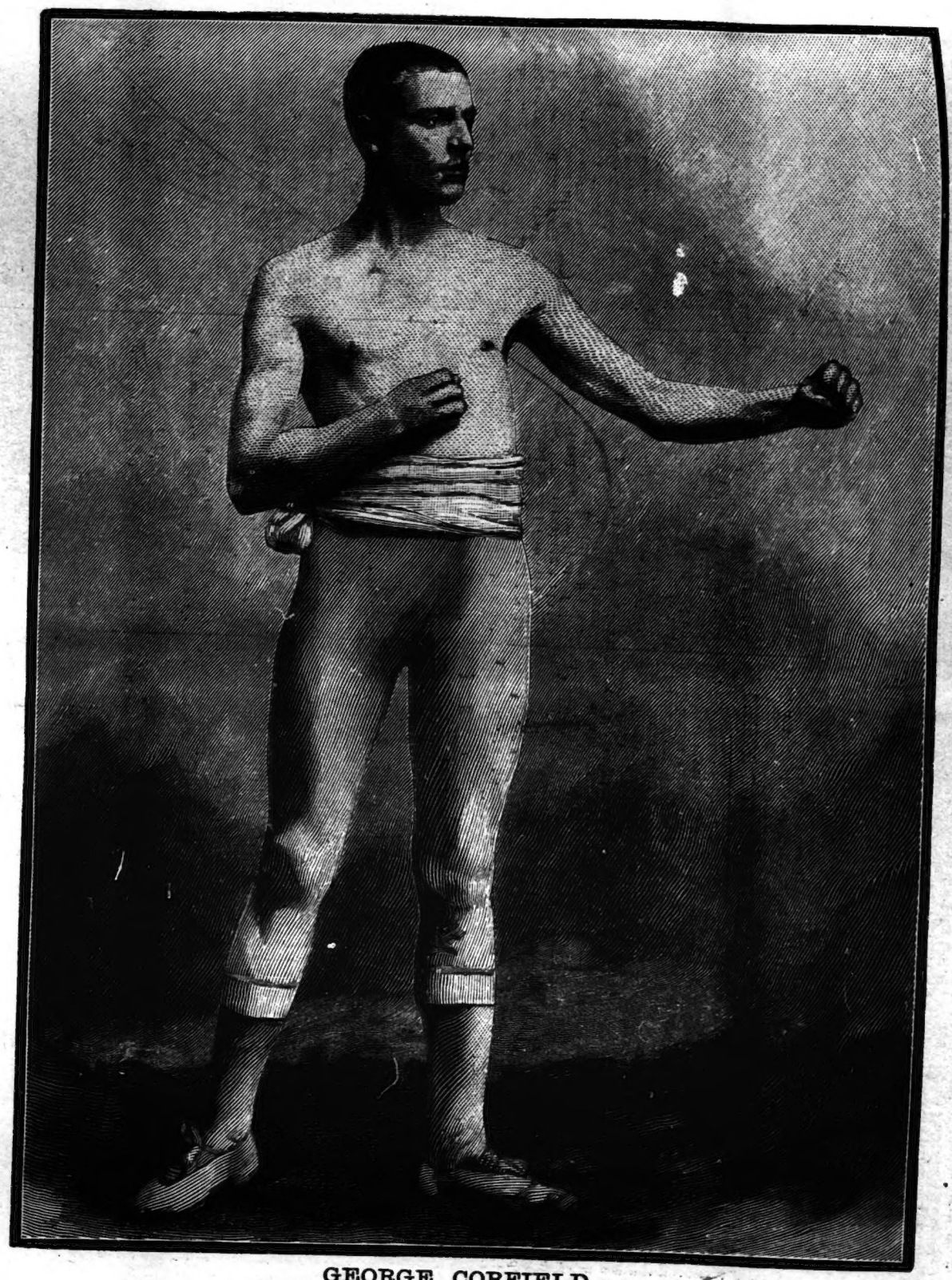
Mr. G. Mander Allender Foully Murdered for his Valuables.

A REUTER cable, Monte Carlo, December 31, says: An Englishman named G. Mander Allender, staying at the Métropole Hotel here, has met with his death under circumstances which leave no doubt that he was murdered. On Friday afternoon he left the hotel and went along the mountainous road between Roquebrune and La Turbie, intending, it is believed, to walk on to Mentone by the Corniche road. As nothing more was heard of him a search was organised, and last evening his body was found by French gendarmes under the Harma Bridge, a few yards from the road, about half-way between La Turbie and Mentone. The body was terribly cut and bruised. Mr. Allender's watch and other valuables had been stolen, and it would appear that he was murdered and then robbed. The assassins, however, seem to have been alarmed, possibly by the approach of someone, for they failed to find the sum of 6,800f. which Mr. Allender had in a pocket at the back of his trousers. The deceased gentleman was about sixty-five years of age, and strongly built. He was an old frequenter of this place, where he was much liked, owing to his kindly good nature and cordial bearing to all with whom he came in contact. He has four married daughters, one of whom is the wife of a naval officer, whose ship is at present lying off Toulon.

A judicial inquiry has been opened by the French authorities, and Mr. Edward Smith, the British Vice-Consul at Monaco, and Mr. Charles Palmaro, Vice-Consul at Mentone, are watching the proceedings.



BILLY PLIMMER.
Birmingham's Clever Bantam Challenges George Dixon at 8st. 2lb.



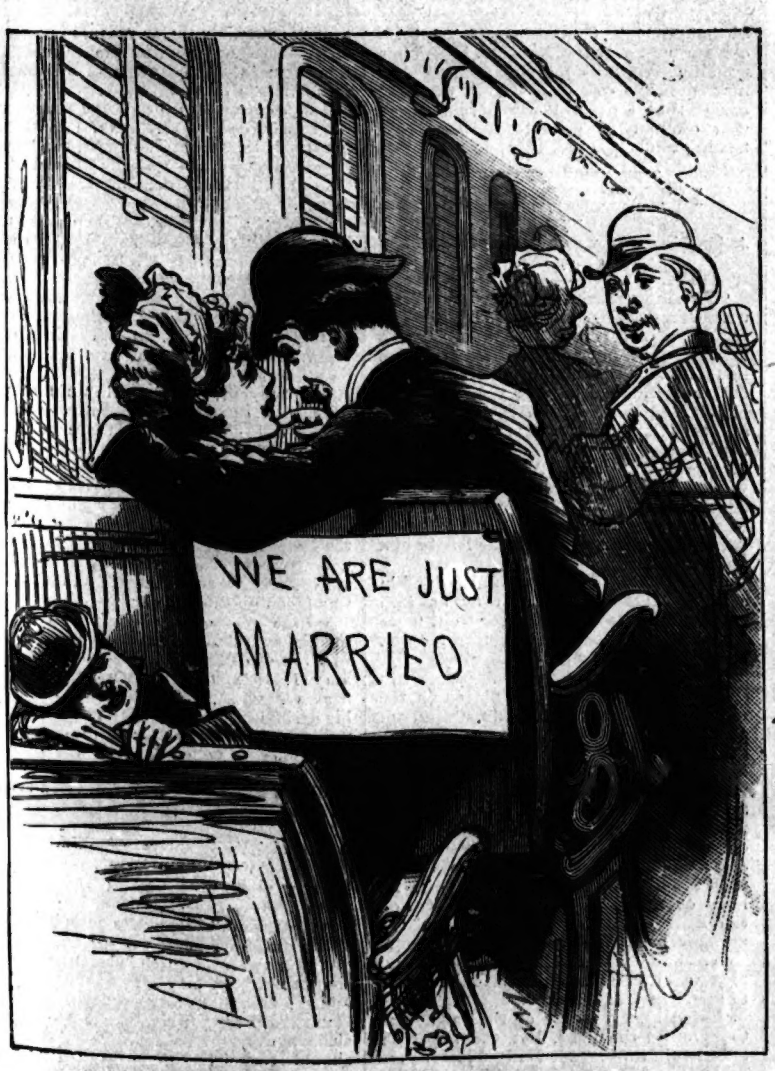
GEORGE CORFIELD.
Sheffield's 8st. Wonder. Open to meet all comers.

"GO EASY, OLD MAN."

A Dull Razor Resurrects the Dead.

SIMPLE BUT EFFECTIVE.

How a Wife showed Convincing Proof of a Falsehood.



WE ARE JUST MARRIED.

A Young Couple Victims of a Lad's Mischief.

A "DAGO'S" MURDEROUS ASSAULT.

A Razor Drawn Across a Customer's Throat.

HONEST SPORTS.

Gordon and Jack Finish Neck and Neck.

Gordon, the Lucky Cove, Adjudged Winner at Edinburgh.

Death of Bat Murphy.

THE £100 in cash prizes for a 130 yards foot handicap was the attraction for a large field of entries and a big gathering at Powderhall Grounds, Edinburgh, Scotland, January 1 and 2. The tournament proved a financial success to the promoters. Of the men backed in the various heats on the first day, Burns was the only one to get beaten, and that by a fellow-favourite, Gordon, who won the handicap. The non-success of the English division was marked. Harper, of course, did not appear, nor did Doyle turn out, but Southern talent was pretty well represented. The winners in the first round of trial heats were: A. Burnside, Edinburgh, 14½yds; D. Macdonald, Inverness. 15½yds; M. Storey, Crook, 10½yds; G. Torrance, Edinburgh, 11½yds; J. Andrews, Leith, 12½yds; E. Gordon, Edinburgh, 16yds; W. Harvey, Edinburgh, 15yds; W. Johnston, Paisley, 8½yds; J. McIntosh, Edinburgh, 14½yds; J. Jack, Leith, 12½yds; J. Easson, Aberdeen, 13yds; W. Cross, Edinburgh, 6½yds; K. Mathieson, 13yds; J. Sim, Paisley, 14½yds; D. Waldie, Edinburgh, 14½yds; J. Ross, Edinburgh, 12yds; G. Carroll, Winchburgh, 10yds. The successful ones in the second round were Jack, Torrance, Burnside, and Gordon, who run in the final, which resulted as follows: E. Gordon, Edinburgh, 16yds start (£80), 1; J. W. Jack, Leith, 12½ (£8), 2; A. Burnside, 14½ (£3), 3; G. Torrance, Edinburgh, 11½, 4. Betting: 5 to 2 on Gordon, 5 to 1 agst Jack, 6 to 1 agst Burnside, and any price Torrance. All the men got well off their marks, and a great race ensued. Burnside seemed likely to trouble the favourite, but he failed to stay, and Gordon was pronounced the winner by his eager backers, when Jack came away with a rare spurt, and catching Gordon inch by inch crossed the line as nearly as possible level. Mr. Lapsley gave Gordon as the winner amid the cheering and hissing of the rival partisans. Burnside was a good third, but Torrance was never dangerous. Time, 12 1-5secs. A 300 Yards Handicap was also decided, the prize-money amounting to over £15. The following won their heats: W. M'Neill, Gorebridge, 34yds start; R. S. Inglis, Galashiels, 34; G. Carroll, Winchburgh, 13; W. Johnston, Paisley, 15; D. Macdonald, Inverness, 34; R. Whalan, Hamilton, 20; and W. Smith, Currie, 32. Final heat: Smith, 1; Macdonald, 2; Inglis, 3; M'Neill, 4.

* * *

THE National Skating Association will hold its competitions for the Championship at Swansea, and there is some talk of an important race between Smart and the Dutch professional, Martin Kingma, if the Association will lend their ice at Swavesey.

Arrangements for the World's Amateur Championship at Stockholm are being pushed forward.

* * *

LOUIS and PETER CYR, heavy weight-lifters, are to visit this country shortly. Peter is but 20 years old, and weighs 11st 10lb. At an exhibition near New York city recently, Louis Cyr challenged any middle-weight in the world to outlift his brother, and backed his challenge with an offer to put up 500 dols. Louis Cyr showed some fine work with the dumb-bells. He raised one bell weighing 196lb four times above the head at arm's length. He raised a pair of bar-bells above his head at arm's length with his brother hanging on the bar, and swung about the stage several times. Fifteen men, whose weights aggregated with a table on which they stood 2,629lb, were raised some three inches off a pair of stools on the shoulders of the elder Cyr. His record for this lift is 3,671lb.

* * *

RICHARD COFFEY, a well-known Irish sportsman, died recently. Some twenty years ago he owned many good horses, including Fertullagh and Gardiner, the latter of whom finished third for the Grand National. The deceased gentleman was an intimate friend of Captain Machell when the latter was serving with his regiment at Mullingar.

Aquatics.

REGARDLESS of the result of his coming race, George Bubear says he will row Billy Haines any distance the latter may name for £100 a-side.

* * *

BAT MURPHY, well known sportsman, died at London, January 2. The name of Bat Murphy has been a household word at the East End of London, where for some years he was mine host of the Prospect of Whitby, Wapping Wall, and the Anchor and Hope, Shadwell. Mr. Murphy was always to the front in supporting any sort of sport, but his favourite pastime was rowing. Several aspirants to aquatic honours owe their "bringing out" to him, and the most prominent was George Perkins, the ex-champion sculler of England, who beat Neil Matheson and Peter Kemp, the Australians, for the *Sportsman* Challenge Cup upon the Thames. Mr. Murphy also promoted a sculling handicap each year open to the world, for handsome prizes, and the contest always provoked the greatest possible interest.

* * *

Henley Royal Regatta, 1894, has been fixed for Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, July 4, 5, and 6. The following form the committee of management: Messrs. J. F. Hodges, A. Forbes, W. D. Mackenzie, F. Willan, H. T. Steward, J. H. D. Goldie, J. Page, A. Brakspear, W. Russell-Griffiths, and the Hon. W. F. D. Smith, M.P. There is also one vacancy to be filled, cuused by the death of Mr. T. C. Edwards-Moss.

The regatta of 1893 appears to have been a financial success. At the commencement of the year there was a balance in hand of £154 3s. 6d., and after adding Consols value £150 to the reserve fund, there is now a balance in hand of £167 19s. 5d. The chief items in the accounts are as follows:

Receipts: Balance in hand, £154 3s. 6d.; Berkshire Meadows, £373 8s.; Oxfordshire Meadows, £129 10s. 9d.; subscriptions and donations, £739 7s. 6d.; entrance fees, £207 18s.; dividends on reserve fund, £40 2s. 10d.; sundries, £26; total, £1,670 16s. 7d.

Expenditure: Boathouse, £74 1s. 11d.; Berkshire Meadows, grand stand, tents, &c., £377 8s. 10d.; Oxfordshire Meadows, £93 9s. 8d.; course expenses, £230 2s. 9d. Press stand, landing stages, tents for boats, &c., £184 9s. 8d.; umpires' launch, £31 10s.; prizes, £106 15s. 9d.; band £75; secretary's salary, £100; advertising, printing, postages, &c., £82 12s.; invested in purchase of £150 Consols, £147 16s.; balance in hand, £167 19s. 5d.; total, £1,670 16s. 7d.

The reserve fund now amounts to £1,650.

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GEORGE BUBEAR and Charles R., better known as "Wag" Harding, have posted the second deposit on behalf of their proposed single-scull race for £200, which is fixed to take place on Monday, February 5, from Putney to Mortlake, the two men to be in their boats ready to start at 1.30 p.m. The final deposit of £50 a side is due on Thursday, February 1, at Mr. W. Silcock's, the White Lion Hotel, Putney, between 8 and 9 p.m.

* * *

TOM SULLIVAN, Champion Sculler of England, has taken the Rutland Arms, The Mall, Hammersmith. He is ready to row Jake Gaudaur, provided the latter will decide the race over the Thames Championship Course.

* * *

IN each of the two holiday journeys made by the Sunderland football team into Lancashire and Scotland respectively, they played two matches on sharing terms. Their aggregate shares from the four matches came to £900, and after paying expenses and wages there is a balance of over £650 to the credit of the club.

Miscellaneous Sports.

THE professional skating championships will be decided January 10 and 11, at Zivalle, Holland. The programme as arranged follows:—

First day.—1,500 metres and 5,000 metres.

Second day.—500 metres and 10,000 metres.

For each day four prizes, of 100, 50, 25, and 15 guilders respectively will be given. Anyone winning three of the four races to receive 200 guilders in addition, and also the title of Champion of the World.

* * *

W. CLIFTON is to concede W. Slater 170 yards start in a one mile walk, to occur at White Hart Grounds, Tottenham, January 29, for £25 a-side.

* * *

THE veteran long-distance ped., Edward P. Weston, since his successful walk against time in New York State, wants to undertake the feat of walking 33 miles per day for 100 days. Weston says he can do this, and if anybody can be found to bet against the accomplishment of such a feat, will start on his fifty-fifth birthday.

* * *

E. BRUMTHALL was beaten by five yards in a 120-yard race by L. Jackson at Larkhill Grounds, Farnworth, the other day for £30.

* * *

JOE DARBY, Champion of the World at at Jumping, now exhibiting in America, has posted 2,500 dols. forfeit for a match with J. C. Medway. Darby says he will jump Medway backward and forward, and at trick jumping; each man to select a certain number of jumps backward, the same forward, and the same at trick jumps, and the man accomplishing the largest number of feats to be declared the winner. Or he will give Medway ten feet start in twenty jumps.

FOUND AT LAST.

He saw a Man under the Bed and a Duel followed. Both Game.

HERE is the first recorded instance of a man who looks under the bed each night before retiring. And here is the first case of a man or woman being rewarded for looking under the bed by the discovery of any very startling phenomenom. Joseph F. Upson, of Howard Street, San Francisco, U.S.A., returned home after one o'clock the other night and sat on the bed to read "Monte Cristo" for an hour. He says: "On tiring of the book I prepared for bed, and I did what I always do—looked under the bed before getting into it."

A 44-calibre revolver was what he saw first. It was too dark for him to see more, but he rightly judged there was a human intelligence back of that shining pistol.

"I made for my trunk to get my revolver," he says. "As I did so the fellow called out to me that if I pulled a gun on him he would shoot. I already had my hand on my pistol and I kept it there.

"The man under the bed shot. The bullet struck my left arm. I turned and jumped on the bed, reached down under it and fired. Twice I fired under the bed."

And that is why it is the man under the bed, who told the police his name was John Miller, got a bullet through his cheek. He spat out the hot lead and told the man on top he would shoot through the bed.

"'Shoot and be hanged!' said I, never dreaming that the bullet would go through the mattress," said Upson.

Miller shot. Upson was standing on the bed, leaning partly over to watch the other fellow. Surely enough, and contrary to Upson's knowledge of physics, the ball went up through the mattress and lodged in Upson's breast.

"I tried to shoot again," says Upson, "but my gun wouldn't work, and I threw it away in disgust. Then the man came from under the bed and we had a tussle. It seems as though that tussle lasted an hour, though it could not have been that long. I kept my hand on his pistol to prevent him using it on me, and we had it hot and heavy until the police came. Both of us were about played out then. I unlocked the door and Officer McCarthy came in. I was never so glad to see the police."

"You never saw such a sight in your life," said Officer Ryan, who came to Officer McCarthy's assistance and helped make the arrest. "There was Upson, in nothing but his undershirt, and blood from head to foot. And Miller, though he had his clothes on, looked just as bad. His face looked like a mass of clotted blood, and the blood from the wound in his cheek had run down all over him. Both men were a sight."

The shot from Miller's pistol burned a big hole in the mattress, which looks now as though it had been penetrated by a cannon ball. By the time Mr. Upson has paid his surgeon's bill and figured up what his illness has cost him, he will probably realise that he would have been about as well off had he gone to sleep without looking under the bed.

PIE FOR THE "MONK."

A Bulldog who was beaten to death by a Monkey.

"THE most novel fight I ever saw," remarked a gentleman in London the other day, "was between a bulldog and a monkey down in Cuba. A friend of mine had a bulldog that had licked every canine on the island, and he was very proud of him. A gentleman from South America said that he had a monkey that could whip the bulldog, and the owner of the latter laughed at the idea. After some talk a wager of 500dols was made, and the only advantage that the monkey was to have was that he was to be allowed the privilege of using a baton about the length of a policeman's club, but no so heavy.

"The fight was in a public place, and in a pit that was surrounded by an iron grating. There was a big crowd out to see the fight. Of course everybody thought the dog would chew up the monkey. After a few minutes, however, the audience was surprised at the sagacity displayed by the monkey. The bulldog would make a rush at the monkey, and the latter would jump aside and allow the bulldog to hit his head against the iron railings. This was kept up for twenty minutes or more, and then the dog began to get tired. The monkey began to fight. He would let the dog make a rush and then jump on the dog's back and strike him several times with the baton. This was kept up for an hour or more, and finally the dog fell on the floor completely exhausted, and the monkey actually pounded him to death. The monkey would strike the dog several blows, and then place his ear to the canine to see if he still breathed.

"Finally, the owner of the dog agreed to give up the fight, but the monkey's owner told him that it was too late, as the monkey would not quit until he had killed the dog. This was one of the peculiarities of the monkey. They always killed their victims. The owner of the dog said he did not want his dog killed, and insisted on taking the monkey off. While they were talking the monkey belted the dog several times with his baton, placed his ear on the dog, and with a sudden jump leaped on the shoulder of his owner and commenced to use monkey language. The dog was examined and found to be dead. The people applauded the victory of the monkey, and it looked as if the monkey understood it."

RUN TO DEATH.

A Retrieving Dog killed with Dynamite.

"THE hero of my story," said an American, "and he was a hero of the first water, was an Arkansas farmer who sailed under the honourable name of Miller. Of course you all know that in Arkansas it is against the law of the Commonwealth to use dynamite in the public waters. Well, to hurry through the statement of the case, a lot of us came to the conclusion that if we wanted to make a big haul of fish it would be necessary to use a little force. Accordingly dynamite bombs were secured, and we asked Miller to go up stream and throw the bombs in while we, his guests, would gather at a ford a few rods down and secure the floating fish. Miller, accompanied by a highly educated water-spaniel went up the bank and prepared for his attack upon the denizens of the water. He hurled one missle, fuse attached, into the stream. An instant later his dog was in the water, and in a moment he had the bomb in his mouth, swimming for the shore.

"'Drap it, Tige!' shouted the farmer. 'Drap it, I say!'

"But the dog would not obey. He swam wildly forward, and in twenty seconds had landed. Miller started to run, the dog coming after him at a break-neck gait; Miller ran toward the fishermen below. They realized the situation in an instant, and levelling their guns warned the farmer to head in another direction. The situation, for all its seriousness, was the funniest I ever saw. Miller ran wildly down the hill, yelling at the dog to go back.

"'Stop!' he yelled. 'Drap it, Tige! Go home!' But the dog only increased his efforts to reach his master's side.

"But the end soon came. The fuse burned its length and then—Miller never recovered even the collar of poor Tige."

WILTON'S COWARDLY DEED.

An old Manchester Policeman kills his Wife in America.

ADVICES reach us to the effect that John Wilton, a spinner in Congressman Stevens' mills, at Andover, Mass., U.S.A., beat his wife, Emily, to death, in Stevensville, North Andover, December 24. The murder was the outcome of a quarrel. Mrs. Wilton kept a boarding-house, and she was engaged in preparing dinner for the boarders about 12.45 p.m. She wanted her husband to cut the meat, but he refused. During the ensuing quarrel Mrs. Wilton was seen to defend herself with a teapot.

Shortly afterwards, Wilton left the house, telling the boarders that he was not coming back. Hugh Scroghan, one of the boarders, went to the dining-room and found the lifeless body of Mrs. Wilton. Going outside, he met S. D. Stevens, a son of the Congressman, in a carriage, and told him that he thought Mrs. Wilton had been murdered.

Mr. Stevens, knowing that the couple often had quarrels that were caused by drink, did not consider the matter as serious. Nevertheless, he hurriedly turned around and drove after Wilton, whom he had seen a short distance back. Overtaking Wilton, Mr. Stevens made him get into his carriage, and drove with him to the station-house, where Wilton was locked up. Medical Examiner Howe found Mrs. Wilton's body was bruised, and that there was blood on the left ear.

Wilton was once Captain of the Old Cochickewick Hand Tub Company. He was born in Presbury, Cheshire, England, May 1, 1842, and went to the United States May 14, 1872. The day following his arrival he went to work in the Stevens mill. He was a member of the Manchester, England, police force at the time of the Allen-Larkin-O'Brien affair. Ordinarily he was a kind man, but when drunk he was quarrelsome.

Birds of a Feather.

THEY met by chance in the waiting-room of a railway station.

"My friend," began the man with the valise full of tracts, persuasively, "have you ever reflected on the shortness of life, the uncertainty of all things here below, and the fact that death is inevitable?"

"Have I?" replied the man in the shaggy overcoat, cheerfully. "Well, I should reckon! I'm a life insurance agent!"

"Ah—um—looks as if we were going to have more snow, doesn't it?" said the other, locking his valise again with a snap.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN FOOTBALL.

A Contrast between Association and College Games.

The Association more Open and Faster.

Its Popularity in England.

This story will give the reader an idea of the radical differences between college football as played in America and Association football as it is played in England and Scotland. Says the *New York Sun*:—It may be well to say that every little village or hamlet has its association organisations, while in the big cities there are thousands of teams that do battle every Saturday. The great match between England and Scotland is generally witnessed by 30,000 persons, and the games next in importance to this draw anywhere from 10,000 to 20,000 spectators.

Association football is a game for the masses as well as for the colleges, and it seems to be rapidly replacing the old Rugby game. It is of Scotch origin, and in Glasgow there is probably more football played under Association rules on a Saturday than in any other part of Great Britain. It is popular because it is faster and more open than Rugby football and is entirely free from the brutal features of mass plays and American flying wedges. There is little chance for injury, although it must be remembered that the game is a rough one and requires considerable scientific skill. Weight cuts very little figure, a star player being one who can combine speed, agility, and strength. Some of the best players in England are small men or boys who are exceedingly quick in getting around the field.

Association football differs from the American college game in a great many respects. In the first place a player cannot touch the ball with his hands or arms below the elbow. He can only kick it with his feet, or butt it with his head. He is not allowed to tackle an opponent by throwing his arms around him, but he can tackle with his shoulder or feet. Formations, such as wedges and mass plays, are forbidden, the feature of the play being a scientific passing of the ball with the feet.

There are eleven players on a team, five forwards, three half-backs, two backs, and one goal tend. The ball used is leather covered, but is entirely round, instead of oval shaped. Two halves of forty-five minutes each are played—with an intermission. The field is larger than the American gridiron, being 150 yards long and seventy-five yards wide. Many games in England, however, are played upon a field 100 yards long and fifty yards wide. The only marks upon the field are the "touch" lines, to show where the ball goes out of bounds.

The goal posts are erected differently from those in this country. They are eight feet high, with a cross bar, and twelve yards apart. In order to score a goal, the ball must be kicked between the posts and under the cross bar, instead of over it, as here. The goal-keeper is the only player allowed to touch the ball with his hands. He can jump up and stop the ball, if it is going over his head, or can throw it or kick it away from the goal. His position is directly under the cross bar.

The kick-off is far different from the American kick-off wedge. In the centre of the field is a circle twelve yards in diameter. The ball is placed in the middle by the side which has won the toss, and the opponents cannot come within the radius of the circle until the ball has been kicked. The side having the ball arranges its men in this way: The five forwards take positions in a line, each some distance from the other, parallel with the ball, one forward standing behind the ball to kick it into play. Behind the forwards are ranged the three half backs, and behind them the two backs, with the goal tend in his proper position.

When the signal is given for play to begin, the forward at the ball does not kick it straight among his opponents, but drives it to his left or right to one of his own forwards, who form the attacking party for his side. Then the forward, to whom the ball has been passed, begins to rush it down the field by dribbling it along with his feet. Suddenly he is tackled by an opponent. The latter does not grab him around the waist and hurl him violently to earth; he simply throws his shoulder into the runner's ribs, and at the same time tries to take the ball away with his feet.

If the forward is quick he can pass the ball back with his feet to another forward or a half-back, who endeavours to turn it over to some other forward who may have a better opportunity to rush it along. If the tackle succeeds in getting the ball he either tries to dribble it toward the other goal or passes it to one of his forwards to carry it along instead. In this way the ball is kept moving in full view of the spectators all the time. There are no piles of men in the centre of the field, no persistent and fruitless bucking the liner, but a rapid, quick, exciting battle, in which the ball travels up and down the field a hundred times while Princeton would be working the ball from the centre of the field to Yale's goal line.

When a player has dribbled the ball and dodged opponents until he gets a shot at the goal, he kicks the leather straight for the posts. This time the goal tend is wide awake and stops it. He kicks it away, but his adversaries are pressing him hard again, and soon the ball is driven past him by a well-directed kick. If the ball is kicked over the cross-bar, the side that is defending the goal is permitted to have a free kick six yards in front of the posts. If, however, the ball is kicked behind the posts by the side on the defensive, the opponents take the ball to the "corner flag," or where the American side and goal lines meet in the corner of the field, and kick it out into the scrimmage in front of the goal, where another attempt is made to drive it through the posts. When the ball crosses the side lines it is brought back by a player of the side which did not send the ball out, and is put in play by the player throwing it from above his head straight into the field at any angle.

In stopping the ball when kicked or dribbled a player can butt it with his head or block it with any part of his body, except his arms below the elbow. If the ball strikes his hands or forearms it is a foul, and his opponents are entitled to a free kick. The ball is placed on the ground, and opposing players cannot come within six yards of it until it has been put in play.

If a player loses his temper and attempts to use his fists, he is punished by immediate disqualification. A player who trips another up is also ruled off, and no substitute is allowed to replace him. In fact, there are no substitutes to take the places of players injured, consequently each team takes especial pains to avoid unnecessary roughness.

On an average there are longer runs than in the American game. At times it is possible for a swift runner and quick dodger to dribble the ball the entire length of the field. This is where scientific play comes in, as it is a most difficult feat to keep the ball out of the reach of opposing tacklers. When a player falls down other players are prohibited from falling on top of him, except in a scrimmage directly in front of the goal posts.

The officials of the game are a referee and two linesmen. The referee's decision is final. He is the sole judge of the play, and can disqualify anyone who violates a rule. The rules are very explicit. The linesmen simply decide when the ball goes over the touch line, and are armed with flags which they drop in order to stop play.

H. L. Walker, an old Scotch player, who is a member of the Staten Island Athletic Club football team, in speaking of the differences between Association football and the game played by American colleges, said to a *Sun* reporter yesterday:—

"While the Association game is rough, very few players are seriously injured. I have been playing for seventeen years and have never been incapacitated from business. I have seen college football in this country, and I really believe that the authorities in England would stop such contests there, on the ground that they were unnecessarily brutal. The Association game is much livelier than the American college game, and the spectators have more of a chance to enthuse over it. The ball is constantly on the move, and is never lost sight of under wedges and mass plays, as in this country. The great feature of the game is charging and tackling opponents with the shoulder. A man weighing 140lb can easily overturn a player weighing 200lb by shouldering him in the ribs at the proper moment.

"Why, I am sure that I could withstand a rush from any of the Yale players by using my shoulder, simply because I know how to shove it into their ribs when they are in a position to lose their balance. The right time is when they are in the act of running hard and are bearing their weight on one foot. A good shoulder tackle then will topple anybody over.

"If the American public could see Association football played as it is in England, I am certain that it would become popular here."

If the English method of playing is not dangerous, what must the American game be? We reproduce an article which appears in *The Lancet*, the leading English medical journal. It states: "The football season of 1893-1894, is just at its height—indeed, when we recollect the late period of spring into which the winter pastime is now prolonged, it is doubtful if the chase of the leather has yet reached its zenith—but already we have had to chronicle five deaths which have occurred immediately upon injuries received during the game, and numerous serious accidents, any proportion of which may since have resulted in permanent loss of health, crippling or disfigurement. Further, it must be remembered that we make no special effort to obtain a complete roll of these casualties, but that we simply record them as we chance to come across them in the columns of our contemporaries, so that, as we have previously pointed out when dealing with this subject, we do not pretend that our notes from week to week represent even a small fraction of the mischief. There can be no denying that a pastime which has accounted in four months, even by our confessedly imperfect records, for five sudden deaths, two concussions of the spine (in one of which it was stated that "three ribs were torn from the spinal column"), one concussion of the brain, one fracture of the thigh, sixteen fractures of the leg (some of these were simple and some compound, some of each and some of both bones, but further classification is unnecessary), nine fractures of the clavicle, and two of the "arm," is a dangerous one.

"But in saying this we do not condemn out-of-hand a fine and manly sport, or shut our eyes to the many factors which combine to make the danger really much smaller than the gruesome details above would tend to show. The value of a form of exercise which appeals by its splendid athletic possibilities as much as by the moderation of its demands on their time and purse to the whole of a people simply cannot be over-estimated from a health-giving point of view, while the roll of disaster becomes comparatively insignificant as the number of players becomes larger. These things are obvious, but unfortunately the impression remains in the minds of many that the element of danger in football is unnecessarily great. Is it? This and a second question—if so, can practical steps be taken to lessen the danger without spoiling the game?—are not to be answered without thought, or on the spur of the moment. They have to be fairly considered from many points of view, and we propose to return to the subject."

FOOTBALL IN AMERICA.

How both Sexes play, and Cruelties attendant to the Game.

(*Subject of Illustration.*)

England is not the only place where football is the craze, because in the United States the collegians of both sexes have got the fever to such an extent that studies are secondary considerations. In a recent game between Harvard and Yale College teams at Springfield, Mass., the gate receipts amounted to close on £10,000; in another college game one of the players was killed on the field, whilst another was so severely injured that he died a few days afterward.

It is such a game of barbarity which is called sport in America, whilst the police authorities frown down scientific sparring with large gloves. It devolves itself upon a question not of the cruelty of the game practised, but of the standing in Society of those who participate in the two kinds of contests. Take it from the toss for the kick-off to the winning kick it is nothing more nor less than a rough fight, where kicking, wrestling, and tearing clothing appear to be the most prominent features. Not long ago the announcement was made that girls attending college at Wellesley, Mass., were playing football. Now we hear that San Francisco boasts of two petticoated teams practising with a zeal which recks not of black eyes and bleeding noses.

They are not forming their play after the fashion of these college girls of the effete East. At Wellesley the girls say: "I beg your pardon" when they tread on each other's toes, and humbly beg to be excused when they tackle. San Francisco girls are not so hampered. They kick and scrimmage valiantly, even though the rules are lost sight of.

The way it all came about was through an advertisement in a daily paper:—"Wanted, a number of active girls at Central Park." That was what the advertisement said, and the responses were numerous. When the girls found out what was wanted, however, the more timorous ones fled. But enough to form two elevens stayed, and when they once got started, it was only by taking the ball away that they could be prevailed upon to stop.

The idea of feminine footballists originated with D. R. McNeill, who thinks that women ought to keep abreast with the times. The first game was simply an experiment to see what success the girls would meet in trying to kick the pigskin. Careful examination found that the ball had sustained no damage, though the kicking had been phenomenal. Not so much can be said with regard to the costumes, which the two teams wore during practice. One young woman unintentionally kicked her own hat off in an effort to make a goal. But more appropriate costumes are to be provided.

It required a good deal of diplomacy to induce all the "active" girls who presented themselves to join in the game. There were big girls and little girls in short dresses; thin girls and girls who became so apoplectic after one kick that the managers hurried them off the field in terror of possible sudden death. They were a modest, well-dressed, well-behaved class of girls, to whom the prospect of a steady football engagement did not seem attractive. It took considerable coaxing to even lure them into the park.

"If you don't want to play you can sit down and look on," they were assured, and in this manner about fifty girls were induced to sit down and watch several young men kick the ball around.

Finally a lot of the smaller girls responded to the call for volunteers. In the start the coachers ranged the girls up in regular football form. A man who saw the play that followed describes it thus:—"They thought at first they may stand in their tracks, and blaze away at the ball whenever it came that way. Gradually they caught the spirit of the play. They rushed the lines and the ball got lost in a tangle of feet and skirts. Then someone kicked it, probably with her heel, and the ball started across the lot with a rosy-cheeked girl holding her hat with one hand and her petticoats with the other, in wild pursuit. Nine times out of ten she either missed the ball or jabbed her toes into the ground. If she didn't do that she kicked herself and fell down.

"The futile efforts of the players to reach the right spot with their toes excited the group of girls in the stand. 'Pshaw!' one would exclaim, 'I can do better than that myself!' Then off would come the hat and wrap and away she went to join the sport. In ten minutes the entire crowd was mixed up, and some marvellous kickers and sprinters were developed. For a straightaway kick the heavy girls were the best. They had power, but the little ones were the best sprinters.

"One small girl in a yachting cap, short skirts, and with a long braid hanging down her back, could run like a deer. She is a kicker, too, and will probably be made captain of one of the teams. Another short maiden in blue developed a latent streak of football talent. She frequently carried herself off the ground in a kick that missed connections, but always landed right side up. It took but a short time for the girls to catch the drift of the game."

MR. JOHN PERCIVAL,

Turf Accountant of London.

(With Portrait.)

John Percival, the bookmaker, is a man well known in England and America as one of the early supporters of Jem Smith, when he was Champion of England. As far back as the fifties Mr. Percival took an interest in pugilism, and was financially interested in the John C. Heenan—Tom King, and Heenan—Sayers fights here. Since then he has at all times permitted his purse-strings to part when necessary in advancing the interests of any fighter who was ready to enter a twenty-four-foot ring.

Mr. Percival is counted one of the bookmakers who is reliable, and never hesitates about settling his losses.

SHE BEWITCHES A SHERIFF.

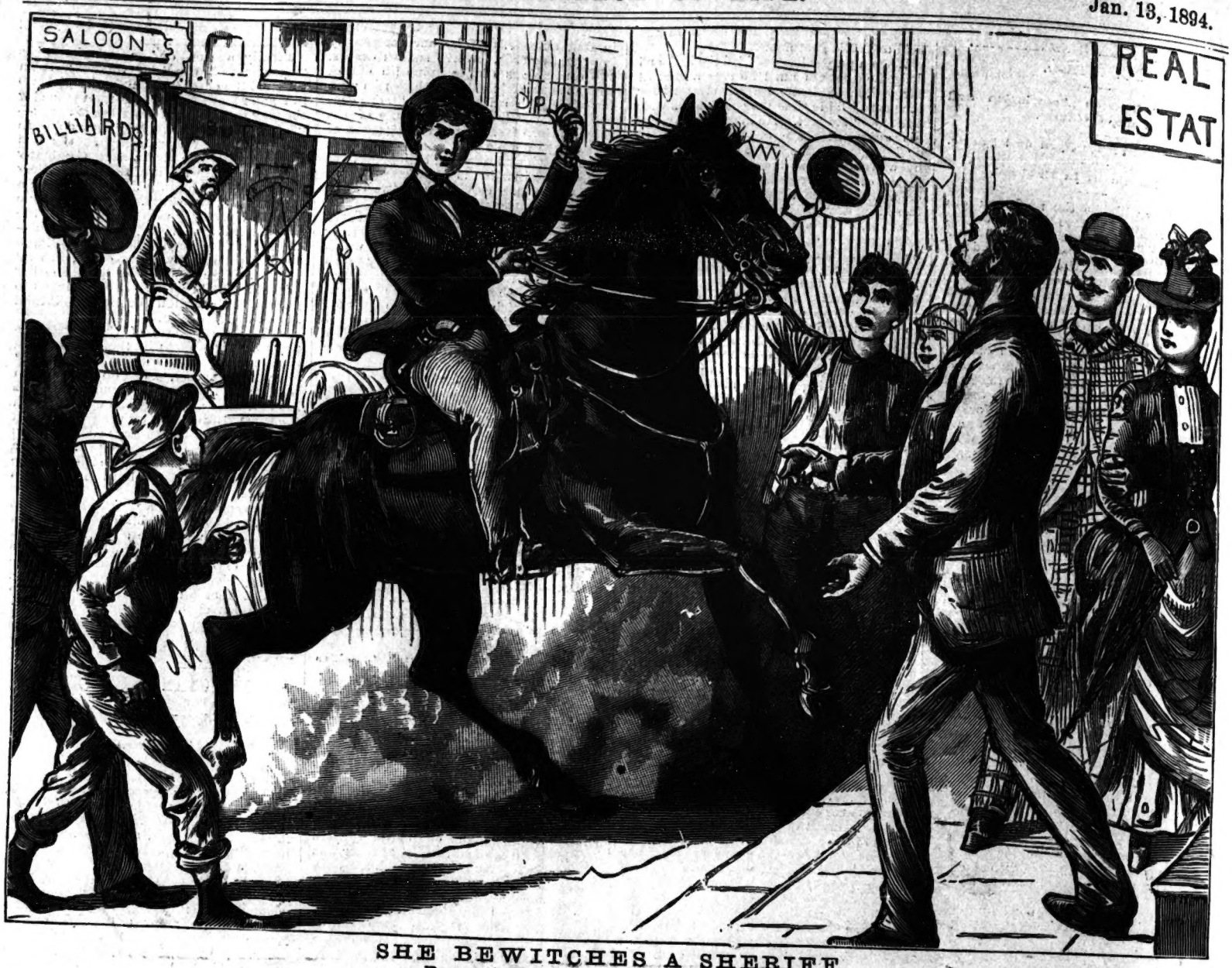
Romatic Escape of a Female Horse Thief.

(*Subject of Illustration.*)

The escape of the notorious female horse thief known in the Oklahoma Territory as "Tom King," from the county jail at Elreno, Oklahoma, U.S.A., December 8, turns out to be one of the romances of the new country.

"Tom" is a very handsome and fascinating young lady of about twenty-two years, with a voice like the dove, and an eye that knows no deceit. She is a quarter-blood Cherokee Indian, and many of her relatives and people live near Springfield, Mo., whence her ancestors emigrated to the Cherokee country. Her operations in the Territory have been extensive and notorious, and her captures frequent, but she is never brought to trial. About a year ago she was arrested for complicity in some of the Wharton train robberies, and, after being held in the Guthrie jail for some time, unaccountably escaped. A while later she was held in the Oklahoma City jail, and thence escaped in the same inexplicable way. For the last three months she has been in the new jail of Canadian county, and her trial was to have taken place in the District Court December 10.

On December 8 she walked out the open doors of the jail dressed in her ordinary female habiliment, but under which she had taken the precaution to wear her full suit of men's clothing, which the courtesy of the officers allowed her to keep. Outside of the door the skirts disappeared, and a very good-looking, youthful man, apparently, bestrode a convenient horse and rode safely out of the city. It would mystify the most expert to detect the woman in the garb she wore. The under sheriff of the county has not been seen since a few minutes before the escape, and two of his five horses are not to be found. Bloodhounds were put on the trail, but they trailed to a bar-room where "Pretty Tom" rode in and had a drink and refreshed her horse. The Grand Jury investigated the case of the escape, and it is reported that a bill was found against one of the deputy sheriffs, but as yet no arrests have been made. It is known that the disappearing officer was much taken with the comely woman. She was being held for horse stealing, at which she was expert, but other charges of horse stealing and train robbery were standing against her.

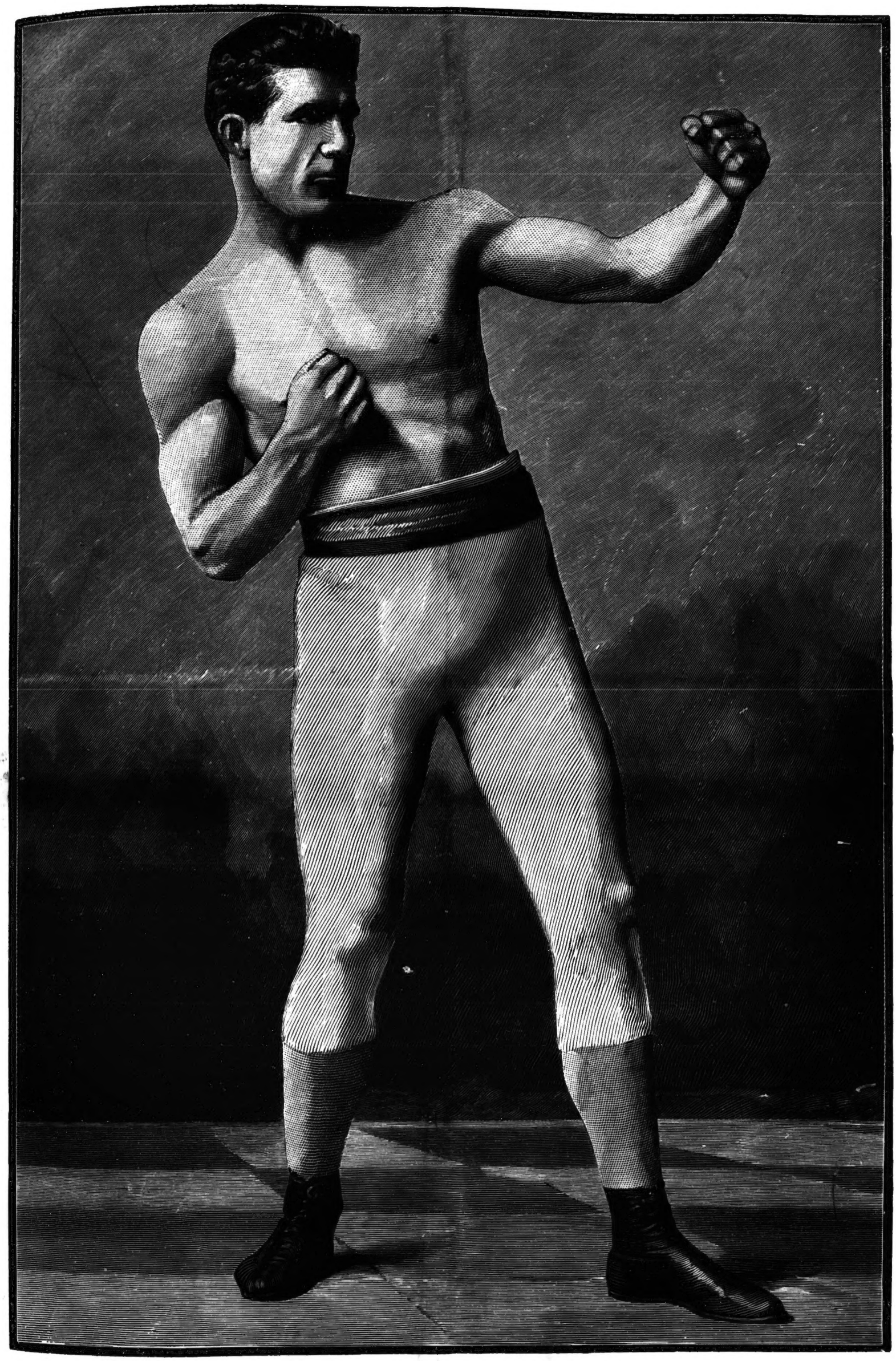


SHE BEWITCHES A SHERIFF.

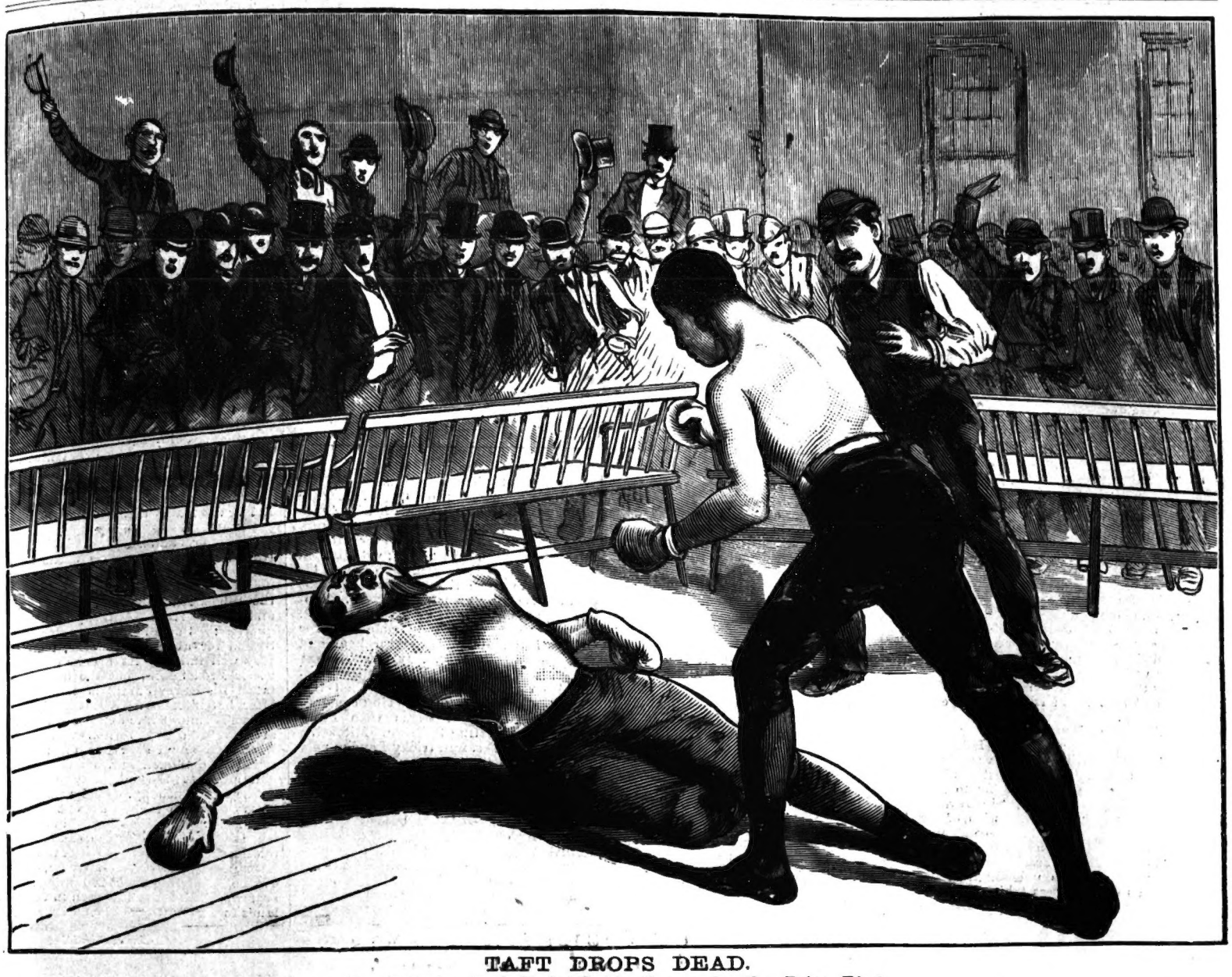
Romantic Escape of a Female Horse Thief.

A BETRAYER KILLED.

A Moonshiner Taken by Surprise.—His Capture Avenged by His Wife.



JAMES J. CORBETT,
Champion of the World.



TAFT DROPS DEAD.

An Unlucky Fall Ends Taft's Career in the Prize Ring.

KICKED FROM A HOUSE OF WORSHIP.

A Clergyman Proves Himself Master of a Disorderly Young Man.

AROUND THE RING.

Corbett and Mitchell more Hostile than Ever.

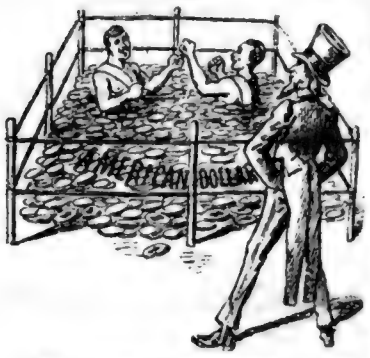
Captain Cooke's Views from America.

National Sporting Club's Programme.

Phillips Bites Dust to Spikey Killem.

John L. trains on "Booze."

Will Challenge Winner of Corbett-Mitchell Battle.



It is no certainty that James J. Corbett and Charles Mitchell settle their differences under the auspices of the Duval Athletic Club at Jacksonville, Florida, January 25. Governor Mitchell has declared himself in rather an emphatic manner against the meeting. The shrewd ones say that Jacksonville has had a big boom, and that is all it only and ever amounted to.

Should all endeavours to secure the meeting of Corbett and Mitchell fail, fighting in Ameriaa will expire, as surely as did the Old Year. Amended articles have been signed by the men, agreeing to fight on the 25th inst., at any point in Duval or St. John's Counties, at the option of the Duval Club. Two railroad companies offer to run special trains at twenty-four hours' notice to a safe arena for the fight.

Governor Mitchell is unchanged in his opposition to the contest taking place in Florida, but still the Duval Athletic Club continue to press forward the erection of the building.

Charley Mitchell is very well in health, but the hostile feeling between him and Corbett seems more strained than ever.

The two boxers who were to fight in order to form a test case for the Corbett and Mitchell contest decline to compete.

There are now signs of the commencement of the end, as the Press Bureau at Jacksonville is closed.

The general feeling of uncertainty which prevails is increasing, and at any moment the present state of affairs may reach a climax.

Acting on the advice of their solicitors the directors of the club have given orders for 150 additional men to be placed at work on the club arena at once. Their counsel maintain that no one can interfere in the matter now, as the city ordinance fully protects the club.

Mitchell has wired to the club stating that he would not be a party to anything that might be taken as a violation of the law, but that he would be on hand at the time and place appointed.

Corbett has signed the articles of agreement by proxy, as follows:—"James Corbett, per W. A. Bend."

Mitchell insists that Corbett shall affix his name to the articles of agreement himself, and is upheld in this action by all Corbett's enemies, who say he did not sign himself in order to obtain a chance to back out. This is hardly probable, however, because Corbett has shown a desire for the battle the past twelvemonths, and as he has improved during the past year it is hardly likely that he would display weakness at the last moment. The opinion prevails amongst several London sportsmen that Mitchell, though stronger than he was a year or two ago, is not so active and quick in his delivery. One gentleman said the other day, "Mitchell has been training of late years for muscular development, and practised wrestling a great deal, and though a much stronger man to-day than he ever was, it is safe to say that the muscles he has developed are all against his fighting abilities, and again he is found to be much slower in his delivery. For a ring fight, London rules, his strength would be an advantage for hugging and wrestling, but under Queensberry Rules it requires hitting qualities at long range and activity. Take John L. Sullivan, for instance; he was not muscular, but on the contrary, appeared flabby. He possessed greater hitting power with the right hand than any man we have seen in England of late years. If Jackson and Mitchell were to meet, I should fancy the black, and if Jackson is not as good a man as Corbett, then how must the Corbett and Mitchell come out?

However, a glove fight is one of the uncertainties of life, and a man never can tell who will win until the battle is half over, and then a chance blow may upset all calculations.

Corbett's Right Arm Muscles Expanded.

The Governor of Florida says that the Corbett-Mitchell fight shall not take place in Florida unless the State Supreme Court decides that there is no law to prohibit the contest. It will not be necessary, he adds, to proclaim martial law to prevent the fight, but, if it were, he would not hesitate to do so, as he is determined to prevent prize-fighting by all the means in his power. The Mayor of Jacksonville vetoed an ordinance legalising glove contests, but the Municipal Council passed the measure over this veto. Corbett says that if he cannot fight Mitchell without the interference of the Governor of Florida, he is willing to forego the purse offered, and to have the meeting held privately beyond the reach of the State officials.

* * *

It is strange how opinions will differ on the ability of men who are to engage in a prize ring encounter. The subjoined is from a sporting man at Cheyenne Wyoming, U.S.A., sent to the *Boston Illustrated News*: "For the edification of your correspondent who would like to know 'on what basis it can be figured that Jim Corbett has an advantage over Mitchell,' I would like to say 1st, youth; 2nd, a constitution not constantly subjected to alcoholic ravages, and which can be undoubtedly conditioned; 3rd, height; 4th, superior science (proven by comparisons of showing against some men); 5th, length of reach; 6th, greater quickness; 7th, generalship as yet unequalled by any man. My belief is that Mitchell, when he meets Corbett, will get the greatest surprise

Corbett's Biceps and Fore-arm.

thrashing of his life. Mitchell's 'great cleverness' has been demonstrated chiefly in his ability not to get whipped, and in keeping himself before the public in the character of being a dangerous foeman for men like Jackson and Corbett; to get the best of what little match-making he has ever done; to elude dangerous matches; by not fighting much except with his mouth; to do the sprinting act, and falling without a blow in his London rule fights. That, in a scientific sense, he (Mitchell) did not outclass Sullivan much, if any, is verified by accounts of the encounters when McCaffrey got a decision against Mitchell, not a just one, I grant you. Could Sullivan land one successful blow on Corbett, and was McCaffrey not smothered by Corbett in three rounds? Peter Jackson, that great fighter, told me personally, 'Mr. Corbett is a wonderfully scientific man, both with hands, on his feet, and the fastest I have ever met.' Peter could not land on Corbett with the advantages reach, height, weight, and winning fight science give him because of Corbett's astounding quickness. Kilrain could not make a showing with him, Sullivan could not, and McCaffrey was not in it. Those men were never the snaps for Mitchell they have proven for Corbett; yet Mitchell was surely speedier then than now. He was not so large then, but size does not add to his chances against Corbett. Comparisons are better than guessing outright. Ed Smith was an impossible task for Mitchell in England after an hour and forty minutes' trying. It is said that Mitchell was lucky that the police interfered on that occasion. Mitchell has never done anything in the ring equal to leaving it on equal terms with Peter Jackson or defeating Sullivan. Mitchell's sprinting tactics, foul tricky London rule fighting with Sullivan at Chantilly, illy compares with Corbett's masterly defeat of Sullivan. Mitchell secured his reputation on his escaping defeat at Sullivan's hands, and Corbett his, backed by the American championship, by defeating Sullivan. Bombastic chatter, not winning fights, are the foundation of Mitchell's inflated record. He has never done anything either as a scientific boxer or a hitting fighter to justify the assurance that his chance of whipping Corbett is good betting at 1 against 3. Corbett said to me, while in this city, 'This Englishman is making a try to "scratch out" on top; he has never seen me put up my hands, and he never will until we meet in a ring, and when that time comes I'll be there for six hours' of cautious, patient fighting if it be necessary, to wipe out the public insult I received from that drunken loafer in New York.' Mitchell's only hope must be a knock-out. Corbett, just as sure as they meet, will take the strength out of Mitchell by jabs from that lightning left hand, which was likened, by a spectator of the Corbett-Sullivan fight, to 'snapping a fly off a window glass with a rubber band; you hear it hit,' but hardly see it.' Mr. Corbett told me: 'Quickness is a greater fight winner than strength. I daily exercise at the bag; my speed is the "open sesame" of my success.'"

* * *

George Dixon has a standing offer to give any bantam-weight £20 who faces him for four rounds at the exhibitions he is giving in the States. Billy Murphy, the Australian, endeavoured to earn the £20 recently, and fared rather badly. The American exchanges spoke in a derogatory way of Murphy, but we are pleased to give the true version of the affair. Capt. A. W. Cooke, editor and proprietor of the *Boston Illustrated News*, writes us a letter which sets the matter right before the English public. He says: "Dixon didn't whip Murphy as stated in London and American papers. The plucky Australian was robbed barefaced by the Dixon party and the referee, and to square the matter, T. J. O'Rourke, the mouthpiece for Dixon, got to the newspaper reporters and had them show Dixon a winner. It was an outrage, because Murphy knows better than any man how to whip the 'nigger,' but can get no show to display his prowess. He would break Dixon's arm if the latter ever tried to land with that left 'hook' of his, the way he draws it back."

"If Mitchell ever puts up a good battle it will be when he meets Corbett, because he is in better shape than he ever has been before, and feels confident of success. I feel that satisfied of a rattling battle that I shall send a special artist there to give legitimate sketches of the affair, and also have a man to write up a correct report of the match. Honest John Kelly as referee puzzles us all. Jim Westcott, of Boston, is more thoroughly posted on fighting than Kelly, and much more acceptable for the position by both men, and it is a surprise that he has not been requested to officiate."

* * *

"Ike Weir, the Belfast Spider, wants to fight Dixon, but declines to meet young Griffo, the Australian, at 8st 8lb, for a £200 purse."

The National Sporting Club, London, will be the scene of many interesting matches this winter. The battle between Anthony Diamond, of Birmingham, and Ted White, of London, to take place on January 15, is creating considerable excitement in the Midlands. Diamond is in training at Little Sutton under Joe Knowles, of Birmingham, and he is already in the pink of condition. He appears wonderfully confident of being able to pull through, and is evidently leaving no stone unturned to get himself thoroughly fit on the eventful evening. He is weekly visited by a goodly number of Birmingham sportsmen. White is also in fine form, and will give a good account of himself when he enters the ring.

Other fixtures at the National Club include a twenty-round bout between Bert Bolton and Arthur Hughes, and an 8st novices' competition, all to occur on January 22. The week following Dave Wallace and Ted Mortimer meet for twenty rounds for a purse. The date of the battle between Sam Sorrell and Harry Greenfield has not been set, but it is likely to be the early part of February at the National Sporting Club.

Manager John Fleming is leaving no stone unturned to bring about first class contests, and proposes to have them frequently enough to satisfy the club patrons that the National is at the head of the list for the manly art.

* * *

Greenfield and Sorrell are both in strict training for their coming battle at the National Sporting Club. The training quarters chosen for Sorrell are at Mr. Law's, the King's Arms, Sutton, about one mile and a-half from Anthony Diamond's quarters. Sorrell has been located at Sutton for about two weeks, and looks very well indeed. At first he was placed under Fred Sabin, but the latter being taken ill, Harry James is now looking after his interests. About forty well-known Birmingham admirers of the noble art travelled over to Sutton on January 4, when a six-round spar was arranged between Sam Sorrell and Barber Hadley, and amongst the company were Jim Carney and Anthony. The rounds were of two minutes each, with one minute's rest, Mr. Russell officiating as time-keeper. The spar took place in the exercise room allotted to Sorrell in the rear of the King's Arms, a splendidly fitted-up room, capable of accommodating about 200 people. The spar was one of the best seen in the Midlands for a long time. Each displayed an excellent knowledge of the fistic art, and brought some clever points into execution. Their blows were delivered cleanly and effectively, while their mode of attack and defence left little to be desired.

* * *

Arthur Westley will promote an 8st competition Store Street Hall, Tottenham Court Road, January 15.

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A benefit exhibition to George Johnson will take place at Bill Lee's Gymnasium, January 15, where there will be a twelve-round contest between Ginger Price and Tom Brindle, and also two eight-rounds contest between some good local men.

* * *

T. Gobbie, of Somers Town, and Dave Job, of Islington, are to box the best of twenty rounds on or before January 29 for £10 a-side.

* * *

The Gymnasium over which "Chesterfield" Goode presides was the scene of a good exhibition of boxing on Jan 4. Two preliminary bouts of four rounds each were contested by Pat Condon and Harry Avis, and Cunningham and Hodges, then came a ten-round battle between Spikey Killem, of Waltham Abbey, and Sid Phillips, of Islington, for a purse. In two previous battles which they fought, each had won a contest, and this one was to see who was the superior of the pair. At the outset Phillips took an unmistakable lead for four rounds, and was the cleverer with both hands, though Spikey lost little by his perseverance and hard hitting. Once Spikey was nearly "put out" with a right hander, but survived, and soon after brought Phillips to his knees by means of a similar punch. Then Sid's right hand "went," the outer joint being so painful that from the fifth round he could not use it. Consequently the left was the only weapon at his disposal, and with this implement he played great havoc with Killem. The latter, however, got the advantage after the ninth round, and was stronger to the close of the contest, whilst Phillips became much exhausted. Spikey won a very fine contest. J. Fitzgibbons, of St. George's, and J. Walker, of Hackney, were the next pair to decide the ownership of a purse. It was a rattling good battle, each sending in blow after blow regardless of science. Walker was the receiver-general for most of the punishment, and worried along till the middle of the third round, when Fitzgibbons landed a right-hander on the jaw which knocked Walker out of time. Fitzgibbons was given the award.

* * *

Barney Birch, of Sheffield, is prepared to fight any man in Yorkshire or Lancashire at 8st 6lb to a finish for a purse.

New Year's day was celebrated at the Lambeth School of Arms, when Bill Brown defeated will Donovan in six well-contested rounds, and Denny Smith was beaten in a similar battle by Charley Marshall.

* * *

W. Mortimer and Pedlar Palmer are matched to box the best of twenty rounds at 7st 6lb for the National Sporting Club's purse, on a day to be named by the management. The youths scale at noon on the day of boxing, and in addition to the purse a stake of £50 a-side will rest on the result.

* * *

J. Fitzgibbons easily defeated Tom Read in a six-round battle at the Goodwin Club, London, January 1, for a purse. Jim Benham, who has been issuing challenges pretty freely of late, made no show whatever against Barney Lambert, and from the start, in a six-round match, the first-named did not appear to relish his job. Young Pop, who boxes right leg first, closed the entertainment by stopping Jack Larner in less than two rounds.

* * *

Young Griffo, of Australia, and Solly Smith, who was beaten by George Dixon, had an impromptu fight at Chicago, U.S.A., recently, over a girl, with whom Smith was dancing. Hot words were the result, and Smith made a pass at Griffo, which the latter adroitly avoided. Then the Australian retaliated hard on the mouth, and was about to follow up his advantage when the police put a stop to the disturbance. Smith declares that he will fight Griffo for glory. A match between the lads is likely to be made.

* * *

Bat Masterson, of Denver, U.S.A., who has killed several men and acted as Sheriff of Dodge City, Iowa, will attend Mitchell when the latter fights Corbett. "Mitchell, in my opinion, will whip Corbett," he says, "he is bigger, stronger, and in every way better than ever before in his life for a finish contest. He will overcome the height and reach handicap by mixing up with Corbett and confining himself almost wholly to rapid in-fighting. I believe he can draw Corbett into most of the leading."

* * *

After a performance in "The Man from Boston," at Kalamazo, Michigan, U.S.A., recently, John L. Sullivan and some of his company got drunk. They went to the American Hotel and cleaned out the office. Later, Sullivan went to the room of his mistress at the Burdick House, and, finding the door locked, let loose a volley of oaths, pounding on the door. When he was admitted he seized the woman and threw her about the room, applying to her the vilest epithets. The company took an early train out of town and Sullivan escaped arrest.

* * *

John L. Sullivan, pugilist, who appears as a hero in "The Man from Boston," speaking of the coming meeting between Mitchell and Corbett, claims that it will be a long and clever fight. He is non-committal as to who will win. Sullivan says that he has been training while on the road. He exercises with heavy dumb-bells, and also walks several miles every morning, so he claims, and has been on the temperate list for fourteen weeks with a view to being in good health and challenge the winner. Sullivan's method of training will probably be explained more accurately by the following dispatch from Toledo, Ohio, under date of December 24. John L. Sullivan spent the Sabbath in jail at Sandusky. This morning, in company with two members of his combination, John got into a quarrel. It is said he tried to part the other two men, but at any rate he and Dan Dwyer were arrested. The affair occurred at the West House. The jail was surrounded with curious people.

Sullivan's friends hustled around all day trying to get the Mayor to fix a bond for him. The Mayor set the sum at 150 dols., which was paid, and the entire company boarded a Lake Shore train a few minutes later, en route for New York City.

* * *

Those two clever exponents of the manly art, Harry Nickless and W. Reader, called at the office of The Mirror of Life Jan. 5, and expressed a desire to meet men of even weight. Nickless felt deeply disappointed over the falling through of his match with Burge, and hopes the latter will speedily recover that a new match can be arranged. He says:—"Burge can have a match with me on the same lines as the one in which he has just forfeited whenever he likes to put the money down. I voluntarily gave Burge £10 out of the forfeit. This leaves me £40, out of which I have to pay for five weeks' training, my trainer's expenses, &c., added to which I have my colours thrown on my hands, besides being compelled to relinquish several private engagements. You will therefore see I am well out of pocket. This is particularly hard, as the same thing exactly occurred in my match with Lachie Thompson. I must thank the Bolingbroke Club for the manner in which they have come to the front with a substantial purse, and much regret the expense and trouble they have been put to and no fight after all."

Sir Julian Pauncefote, the English Ambassador, is an active and enthusiastic athlete. He has joined the Columbia Athletic Club, at Washington D.C., U.S.A., and may be found in the "gym" every day taking a regular course of exercise. He also intends to join the fencing class, a branch of sport in which he was once quite proficient. Sir Julian usually wears a white flannel lawn tennis suit for his gymnasium work, and he is exceedingly graceful in movement. He is devoted to all kinds of sport. Sir Julian says he is about twenty-five pounds too heavy, and proposes to train down for the coming social festivities.

* * *

The arena of the Crescent City A. C., New Orleans, U.S.A., which was erected for the special purpose of prize fighting, was sold for 11,000 dols. to the Southern Improvement Company. It cost the club 18,000 dols. Fitzsimmons proposed some time ago that a number of sporting men join with him and purchase the building, but he could get no backers. Who constitutes the company which has bought the arena is not known.

* * *

Dan Creedon, the Australian middleweight, now in the States, agrees to allow Pritchard £50 for expenses to fight for £500 a-side in the States.

YANKEE PUGILISM.

Mitchell Gains Friends.

Dixon-Plimmer Scores Unsettled.

O'Brien a Coming Middle Weight.

Fighting Tolerated in Boston.

Boston, January 1.—Charley Mitchell made many friends here when filling an engagement at the Grand Opera House, and it is likely quite a sum of eastern money will go behind him at short odds. The knowing ones are favourably impressed with his general appearance, and now they sum up the form of both men as follows:—"It is no sure thing for Corbett," says one noted sport yesterday, "and I'll soon convince you to that effect. Mitchell met Sullivan when John L. was a fighter and in good trim, and in that match the Englishman had the big 'un at his mercy when a draw was declared. It is pretty evident that had they continued the match would have been Mitchell's in short order. Since that time Charley has had ample opportunity to gain experience and trickery, boxing with such good ones as Frank Slavin and Jim Hall. He has also had considerable exercise with some of our clever boxers, which is bound to improve his form. If he ever puts up a good fight it will be this time, and I might say that with good judgment he should outlast Corbett, who no doubt has much advantage in reach and height; but of late years that don't seem to go for much, especially when it simmers down to heavy weights." It is not many weeks since that you could not find a Mitchell man, but now they are as thick as flies in summer-time. Much has been said about Mitchell's gameness, but the fact that he was at a disadvantage as regards followers when he met John L. is sufficient evidence that he will take his gruel all right.

The fight is creating as much interest throughout the entire country as any match that has taken place during the last ten years. Corbett realises he has a hard job on his hands, and is training assiduously in hopes of getting in the finest possible condition.

Plimmer and Dixon are still sparring through the newspapers, and I am under the impression that is all it will amount to till after the theatrical season is over, and then Tom O'Rourke may be sensible enough to listen to a fair proposition. Ike Weir (the Belfast Spider), Johnny Griffin, and Billy Murphy are all clamouring for a go at Dixon, but their challenges and appeals appear to go unheeded. Griffin is not so particular about Dixon, but declares his readiness to take on Weir, but the wary spider does not want a second dose of the Strawberry blonde. It would be an easy matter to match up the little men, but none will look at a 1,000dol. purse. What they all appear to want is nothing short of the earth. Only think of little men looking for purses of 5,000 and 10,000dols., when only a few years ago you could get any of them to fight with kid gloves to a finish for 100dols.

Dick O'Brien, who is to meet Billy Smith at Providence in a finish contest is looked upon as a coming middle-weight champion. Though he only scales 10st he has beaten all comers up to close on to 11st in weight. Billy Smith has beaten Tom Williams, the Australian, and the people fancied him for a champion welter-weight, but since O'Brien gave such a beating to Jack McGee, opinions as to the champion at 10st appear to be equally divided. It did not take long to get O'Brien and Smith matched up, and the result of that battle will probably determine our 10st champion. Joe Lewis feels that positive of O'Brien's success that he offers to match his *protégé* to fight any man in the world at 10stone or even 10st 5lb, for 2, 500dols. aside.

While all the talk is going on of shut downs on glove contests in the various cities throughout the Union, we are having from time to time hard fought battles decided both here and at Providence, and police interference is the last thing thought of by the managers. Though a thoroughly religious town, and the public-houses are kept down to stringent laws, the authorities do not appear to bother boxing contests, gambling-rooms, and pool-rooms, where money is wagered on horses. It is not owing to a laxity of laws that such privileges are countenanced, but the officials take a common-sense view of the matter, believing them to be necessary evils, and bound to exist in some form.

Duncan C. Ross, the Scotch athlete and wrestler, has been here in hopes of getting up a match, but cannot find a building available which would suit for such an exhibition as wrestling or sword fencing.

The Boston Athletic Club are arranging for an amateur boxing meeting which is sure of liberal patronage, and some spirited battles will be decided. Amateur sports appear to have the call in athletics, but in boxing the professionals create the greatest amount of interest.

The Americus Club is the most prominent, and its quarters accommodate close on to 2,000 people. Elm.

PHUNNYGRAPHS.

After the Wake.

"Terence was a faithful soul."

"He was that."

"Whin the blasht that didn't go off wint off, Terence wint up in the air with it an' doied a shlave to juty."

* * *

Indeed she was.

Ikey: "Vat you t'ink of ze story of ze goose zat laid ze golten egg?"

Yakey: "I t'ink zat if she knew her egg vas golten she vas an awful goose to go and lay it."

* * *

"Who is the belle to-night?" asked she
As they stood on the ball-room floor;
He looked around the hall to see,
And she speaks to him no more.

* * *

A Desert Waste—The elderly maiden's.

* * *

Its Zenith.

McGinnis: "That's moighty foine whisky, Pat; how owld is it?"

Pat (pouring the last drops into his glass): "Faith, Oi don't know; but it's ez owld ez it will iver be!"

* * *

He Did It.

Clara: "Did Mr. Spooner tell you he was going to try and kiss me last night?"

Maud: "He didn't say anything about trying."

* * *

Where Darwinism Fails.

First Dog: "My master is a great scientist. I wonder if he has found out where we came from."

Second Dog (glancing at a sausage factory): "Guess not. There's too many missing links."

* * *

In Darkest Africa.

King of the Cannibals (to missionary about to be broiled): "We'll spare your life on one condition."

Missionary (desperately): "Name it!"

Chorus of Cannibals: "Tell us the words to 'After the Ball!'"

* * *

Not Yet.

St. Peter: "Who is that stout lady standing outside?"

Assistant: "Queen Victoria, your Holiness."

St. Peter: "Indeed! Just ask her if she won't come in out of the reign."

* * *

"Soldiers, sailors, tinkers tailors—
Men a-drinking beer and drinkin' fizz—
Macers, bracers, chippie chasers—
What a lovely place Piccadilly is!"

* * *

Dr. A. T. Pierson, in his pithy, practical hints on pulpit oratory, says that to be winning is to be wise, but it must not be overdone. He has a friend, an evangelist, who got into the habit of calling his audience, "Dear souls." Inadvertently he would say, as he passed from place to place, "Dear Belfast souls," "Dear Dublin souls"—and before he knew it, he was saying, "Dear Cork souls," which convulsed his Irish audience.

* * *

"They served us at our boarding-house
With 'lamb' to-day, egad!
I'm sure it was a portion of
The one that Mary had."

* * *

Worked for other People.

Travers: "There goes Peterby's wife. He's the fellow I played poker with the other night."

Jagway: "She looks pretty well dressed."

Travers: "She ought to be. She's got on my last week's salary."

* * *

A Cup Challenger—The prohibitionist.

Too Willing to Unlend.

"Dear me," he whispered, "do you think if I married you your father would forgive us?"

"I'm sure he would, dear," she asserted, softly.

"And would he give us a house of our own?"

"I know he would, dearest."

"And would he give us enough to live beautifully on?"

"I'm sure of it, Harry."

"And would he take me into the firm?"

"Certainly he would."

"And let me run the business to suit myself?"

"Of course he would, darling."

She snuggled to his bosom, but he put her aside coldly.

"I can never marry you," he said, hoarsely. "Your father is too willing to get you off his hands."

* * *

Manly Men.

By a Womanly Woman.

I'm not a particular woman—that is, not
to any extreme.
For I've found by a long observation that
things are not just what they seem.
So in trying to paint you a picture of one
whom my taste would approve
I'm likely to shock those dear creatures
who think in a different groove.

A man to my taste must be manly, I
don't care an atom for size—
His face must show wisdom and honour,
and chivalry look from his eyes;
His garments must speak of a tailor who
knows how to finish and fit.
But whether they're right in the fashion,
why that doesn't matter a bit.

His boots must show comfort and polish,
his linen immaculate care,
And when he's tormented and angry I
wish him to know how to swear.
I'd like him to smoke a Havana, and once
in a while bet a "ten,"
And I hope he'll be able to "punish" a
cocktail or two, now and then.

And as for his amours—good gracious!
man's nature is lovingly bent,
And love, like the lightning, they tell us,
is bound to go just where it's sent;
And as for his trade or profession—there's
little to make in the best;
But I trust he will pay his expenses, and
then have some fun with the rest.

So you see I'm not looking for angels,
arrayed in long trousers and coats,
With a halo of glory above them, and faces
as long as a goat's.
For I said observation had taught me
appearance was often a sham,
And men, of my mind, are most manly,
who sometimes converse with a d—n.

JUSTICE IN AMERICA.

A Lynching party at Brantley, Alabama, resorted to extremely cruel treatment in a case there December 28. Mack Segors, a negro, assaulted a little girl named Leverage, and then fled to the woods. Men armed with rifles started in pursuit, and within two hours the negro was kneeling on the spot where he had committed the crime, begging for his life. The brutality of the mob surpassed previous records. The negro was forced to place his hands on a block, and they were cut off at the wrist. Both feet were similarly treated. A rope was then put round his neck, and he was hanged to a tree. The branch, however, broke, and while the man, who had not lost consciousness, was lying on the ground, someone emptied a can of kerosene over him, and set fire to his clothes.

GET YOUR MONEY'S WORTH.

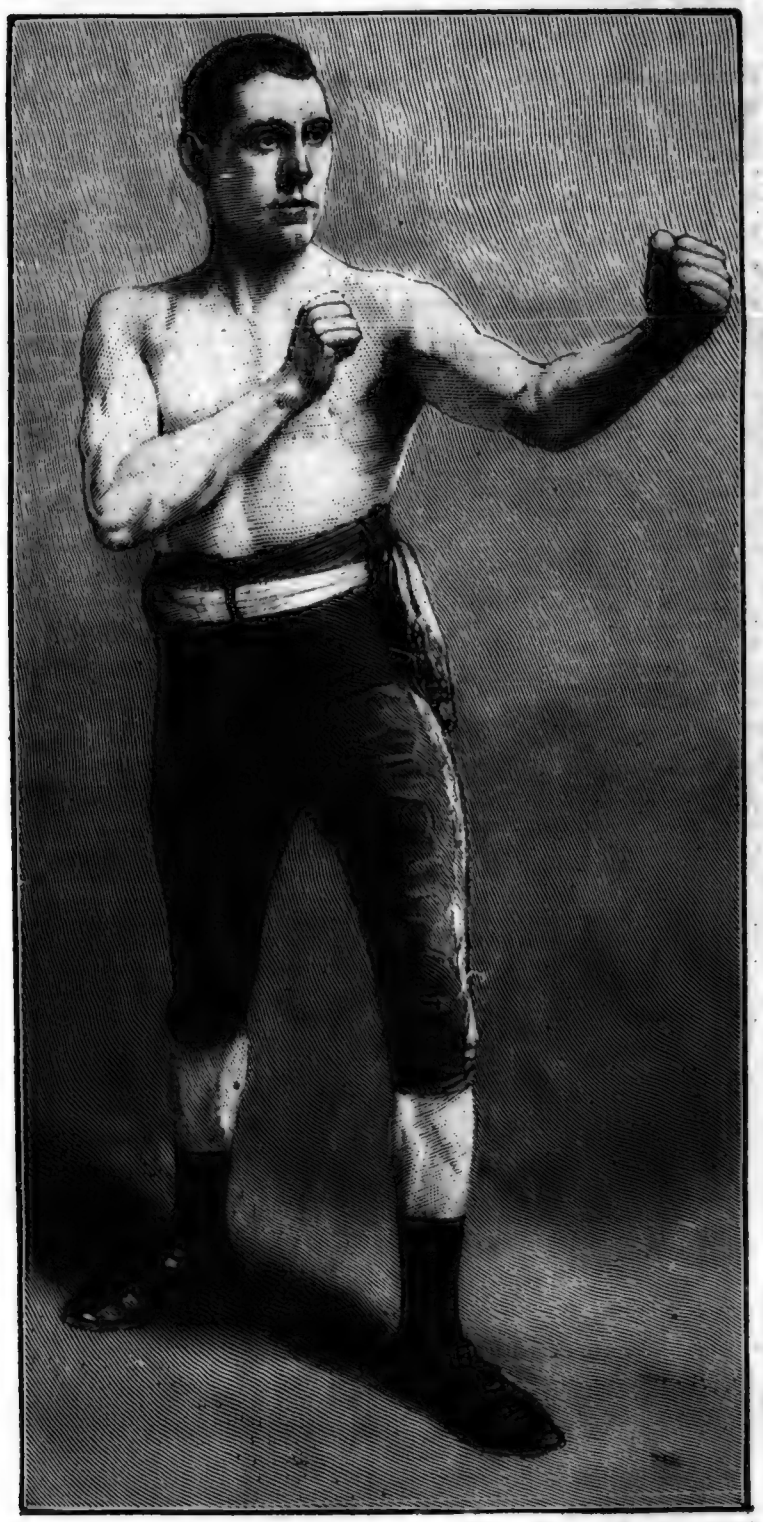
In purchasing The Mirror of Life you are given a Weekly Journal of which eight pages are made up solely of expensive woodcuts, the illustrations being drawn by the very best artists obtainable. It gives you incidents in an accurate and striking manner.

Our reading columns comprise spicy news such as is interesting to all classes. The Mirror of Life will not at any time touch on the borders of immorality, because sensational news can be written in a bright way without a tendency to corrupt humankind.

We claim in pugilism to be ahead of any weekly published in any part of the world.

Our motto is at all times to be just and fearless.

We have received the first number of The Mirror of Life, a sixteen-page weekly journal, of which eight contain illustrations of all the leading events of the day. The remaining pages are devoted to boxing, athletics, and theatricals, and other readable matter. A portion of the paper touches on American events, and a special feature of The Mirror is to be portraits of prominent sporting men. The first sheet has excellent pictures of Mr. John Fleming, Mr. Richard Dunn, Harry Hutchens, Professor Miller, George Fryer, Tom Cannon, and Charles Mitchell. The paper is published every Wednesday by the Albion Publishing Company, 108, Fleet Street.—*The Sportsman*, London, Jan. 4.



HARRY NICKLESS, OF KEW.

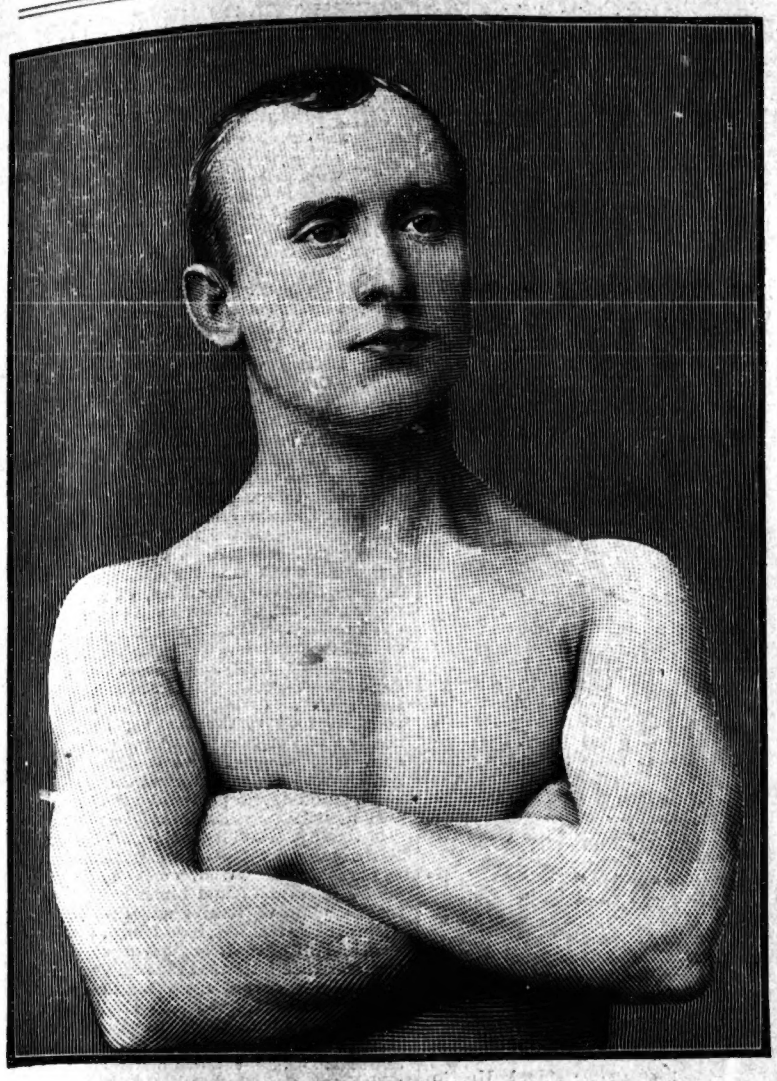
Champion 10st. Pugilist, who bars no Man his Weight.

HURLED INTO ETERNITY.

How Two Tourists met Death in the Alps through a Mis-slip.

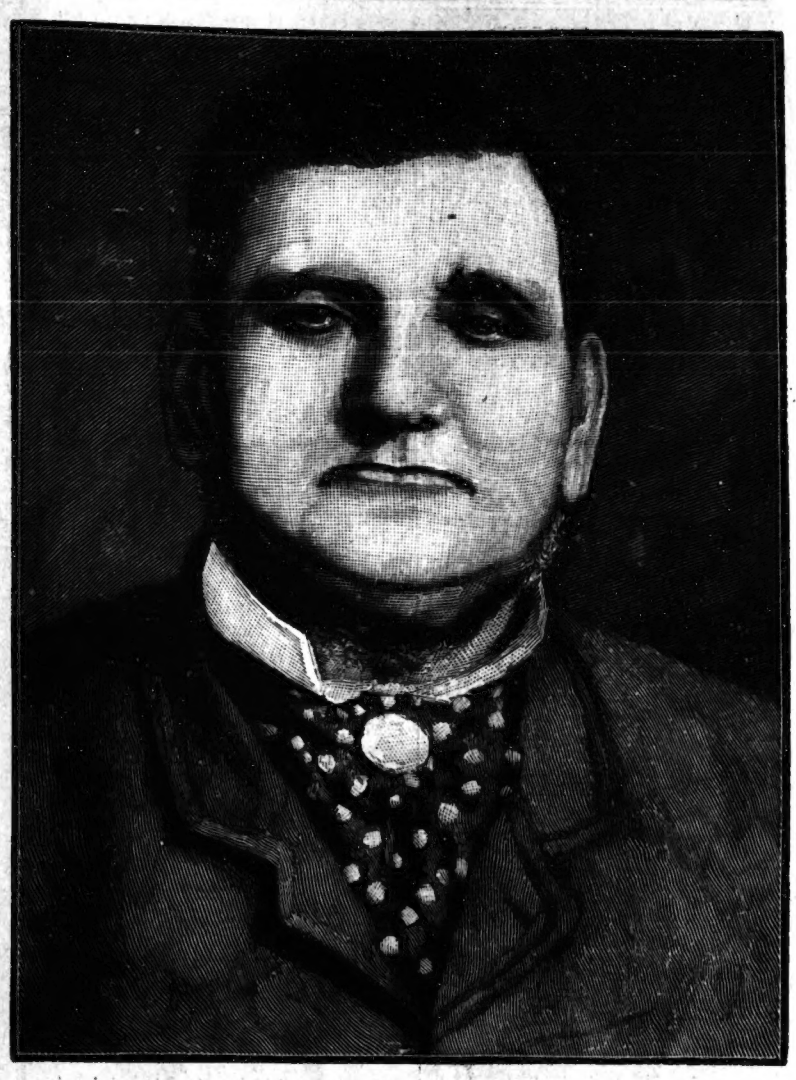
MR. JOHN PERCIVAL.

Turf Accountant of London.



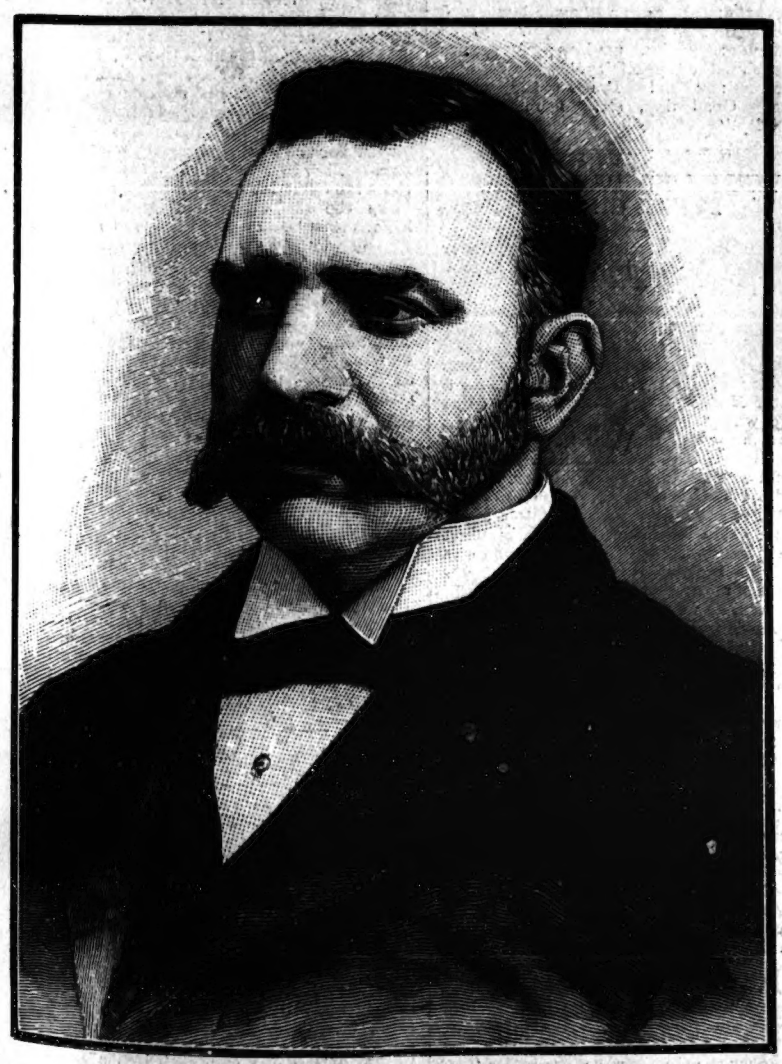
MIKE (CHAPPIE) MORAN.

The Coventry Pugilist who is Champion Bantam of America.



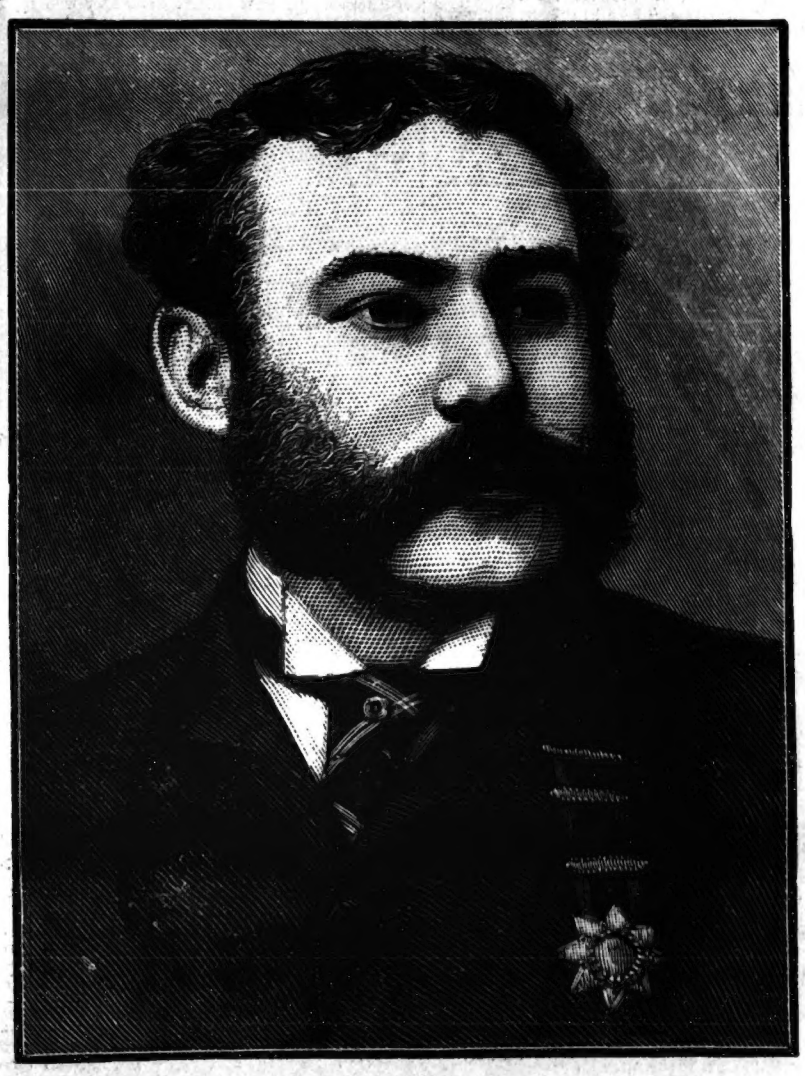
WILLIAM HULSE.

A Nottingham Sport who can judge a fighter.



TOM SYMONDS.

Popular Proprietor of the famous Blue Anchor.



JAMES RYMER.

The Mile-Ender who holds a Record of Shaving 100 Faces in 48m. 40s.

SEEN AND HEARD.

At Mankato, Kansas, the authorities will not be afflicted with "After the Ball." The other evening the City Council, in order to increase the funds in the treasury, passed an ordinance under the nuisance law to fine each and every person fifty cents for each and every time he or she might be proved guilty of whistling or singing "After the Ball" between the hours of six o'clock in the morning and ten o'clock at night. A little of the same law would go down well here in the interests of those who possess a horror of street musicians.

* * *

"Goats is human," said Mrs. Terence Duffy to her friend, Mrs. Bridget Gorman, last Tuesday, "an' I'll tell yez phwhat makes me think so. Do yez moind that wee bit of a shkatin' pond I had ferninst me door doorin' the late cold snap? Phwell, imagine my surprise upon openin' me front door wan mor'r'nin' an' seein' wan o' me goats makin' a pair of shkates iv his hor-r-rns an' being pushed along as aisy as yez plaise by MacQuiggan's baste from acrost the way—oh, the sinse av it!"

* * *

At Spokane, Washington Territory, Chinaman Ah Num, a wealthy merchant, is being tried for the crime of kissing Mrs. Annie Billow, a pretty young white woman of twenty-three. The trial began this afternoon. Mrs. Billow says Ah Num took hold of her arms, but he could not get her mouth around, and reached over and bit her on the cheek. Mrs. Billow testified that Ah Num while she was in his store said, "me kisse you," and she replied, "let me go." "You no likee Chinaman?" responded Ah Num, to which Mrs. Billow tartly replied, still struggling: "I don't like any man, and I've got one of my own." But the Chinaman kissed her. Mr. Billow says he will shoot Ah Num on sight, and several others threaten to hang him.

* * *

The following notice was posted up on a French pleasure-boat:—"The chairs in the cabin are for the ladies. Gentlemen are requested not to make use of them till the ladies are seated."

* * *

A letter received in London from a young man who has had hard experience in New Zealand, willing though he was to turn his hand to the roughest work, shows how slender are the chances of subsistence in the colony. Engaging to kill rabbits at so much a head, he contrived, by killing and skinning as many as five hundred a week, to earn a modest sum. "Last week," he writes, "I had my boots blacked by a clergyman."

* * *

"Plunger" Theodore Walton has gone broke again, and made an assignment in New York, U.S.A., the other day. His failure has caused a good deal of comment in New York. Mr. Walton will be remembered in England solely on account of the extraordinary run of luck which he enjoyed in connection with horse-racing, more especially during 1881, when the American owner, Mr. P. Lorillard, won the Derby and St. Leger with Iroquois. The "Plunger" was generally credited with having returned to America fully £100,000 to the good, and not long afterwards he acquired the ownership of the Grand Hotel in New York, a house patronised by the most representative and moneyed sportsmen. The statement of accounts is awaited with much interest, as the hotel business seemed to be a prosperous one, and the inference is thus left to the curious that the "Plunger's" failure is not wholly unconnected with a run of ill-luck in other speculations. He conducted a summer resort at Cape May, New Jersey, and had a street-cleaning contract, both of which turned out unprofitable.

* * *

Racing men were grieved to hear of the death of Tommy Mullen, the well-known jockey. It will be recollected that the deceased met with a severe accident while following the drag hounds at Newmarket recently, and sustained a fracture of the skull, which from the first appeared an almost hopeless injury. Thomas Mullen was born at Newcastle-on-Tyne on August 20, 1865, and, although he has not held a very conspicuous position, he was a most capable horseman. A good deal of riding fell to his share in 1891, 1892, and 1893. In the first-named year he had twenty-four winning mounts; in 1892, he had forty-seven; and in 1893 his record reached thirty-one. He was unfortunate in meeting with two mishaps last year, the first while riding Lord William in the Derby, and the second with King Charles in the Northumberland Plate. He was badly bruised and shaken on both occasions.

* * *

There is an exhibition of ostriches at the Royal Westminster Aquarium which is well worth seeing. In South Africa ostrich farms are paying concerns, and as anything with "money in it" is welcomed on the American continent, the big bird is being farmed all over California. A miniature "farm" was one of the attractions at the Chicago Exhibition, and this portion of the show is booked for the Antwerp International Fair. In the interim they have found a temporary resting place at the Westminster Aquarium. Twenty-seven in number, they range from one to nine years of age, and are consequently all young birds, the average life of an ostrich being about twenty-five years. After a rough passage from Boston to Liverpool, they are in good condition.

* * *

A young man named William Maxwell, who received an injury to his leg some time ago while playing football at Holywood, co. Down, died January 4 from lockjaw. The wound had partially healed when blood poisoning set in.

* * *

At an inquest held at Dover, a butcher, called as a juryman, appeared in smock and apron. The coroner refused to swear him, stating that he was not respectably dressed for such an occasion, and warned him that another time he must attend in other clothes. At a second inquest another butcher appeared in his working attire. Answering his request to be excused, as he was busy, the coroner said, "With pleasure."

* * *

The secretary of the Thirteen Club has requested the manager of the Holborn Restaurant to provide cross-eyed waiters for the dinner on the 13th inst. The manager, while undertaking that the chairman's table shall be "waitered" as requested, has grave doubts whether the supply of cross-eyes will go round the others.

* * *

Mr. Alfred Monson has instructed Mr. Phillips, solicitor, of Birmingham, to take proceedings with reference to the exhibition of his effigy in Louis Tussaud's Waxworks at the Winter Gardens. Mr. Monson visited the show recently and informed the manager that he objected to the exhibition of the figure and that it would have to be removed. The manager at present contends for the right to exhibit the model without permission, and points out that it is not placed in the Chamber of Horrors, but only among the general collection of interesting persons.

* * *

We hear that a French millionaire named Plassan, living at Vicennes, has been so much persecuted by his jealous neighbours that he has taken to flight. The record of his tribulations is of the most interesting character. About two years ago he inherited 2,000,000 francs from his brother, a contractor for public works, and ever since he came into his good fortune life has been made unbearable by all sorts of demands upon his purse. Fathers of large families, inventors who wanted a quarter of a million to float some remarkable scheme, Anarchists who demanded the immediate division of his fortune among the many, mothers desiring a dot for dowerless daughters—to all these pleas he turned a deaf ear. Still more offensive measures were then taken by some malicious person. An advertisement was inserted in a matrimonial journal advising bachelors that M. Plassan had a niece deprived of one eye who was anxious to marry a man with the same infirmity. Her dot would be 500,000 francs. The result may be imagined. For several days there was a constant knocking at his door by men with only one eye. M. Plassan was exasperated, but by the exercise of patience he got rid of them. A week or so of peace, and another joke was played upon him of a similar character. This time an advertisement invited hunchbacks to call upon M. Plassan with a view to negotiating for the hand of his niece. This was too much for the persecuted man, and he fled, where, no one knows, and his friends are very much disturbed about him.

* * *

William Martin, a labourer, who lives in Bull's Open, Sunderland, went to the window of the second story of his house the other day, and began throwing missiles of a deadly description at passers-by. The first victim was Mary Cowman, whose skull he smashed in with two bricks. Elizabeth Camsbell, another woman, went to her assistance, and had her nose cut off with a blow from a butcher's scraper. Anna Cogdon, a little girl, next passed. Martin hurled a file at her, and it penetrated the skull, causing the brain to protrude. Her life is despaired of. The man, who was mad with drink, was arrested only after an exciting chase over the roofs of houses.

* * *

A veteran swindler has at last been run to earth. His name, it seems, is Jackson, but he was better known to many people as the Rev. John Howard, while occasionally he figured as one of Our Old Nobilities, rejoicing in the aristocratic title of Lord John Moore. Readers of *Truth* are familiar with Jackson's proceedings. He was the "International Claims Agency" for some years in London, and not a few shrewd Yankees paid him considerable sums for tracing their claims to the imaginary fortunes left by imaginary persons, who had, he said, departed to the Land of Spirits without indicating the whereabouts of their heirs. The United States postal authorities began to confiscate the swindler's letters, and he crossed the ocean to know the reason why. This was a foolish step, because the hospitable Yankees gave him board and lodging gratis, haled him before a judge in Tennessee, who fined him 1,800 dollars and sentenced him to ten years' and nine months' imprisonment.

THINGS THEATRICAL.

Charles Keir, comedian and pantomimist, residing at Trigon Mansions, Church Road, Lambeth, had been out of employment eight months and had drank to excess. He lived with his brother, who on December 31 found him lying dead on the floor. At the inquest Dr. W. Pearson-son-Fox said that upon making a post-mortem examination he found the liver "nutmeggy." Death was due to syncope of the heart, brought on by chronic alcoholism and accelerated by the excessive cold and fog.

* * *

We are pleased to hear that the appearance of Mr. Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry in Lord Tennyson's "Becket," at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, is said to have attracted an audience such as is seldom brought together in that city. The performance was highly praised by the critics.

* * *

The musical sketch, "Cupid Up to Date," introduced at the Oxford, is so bright and pretty that one is sorry when the two clever girls, the Misses Sybil and Grace Arundale, bow themselves off.

* * *

The divorce action of Miss Minnie Palmer—Rogers *v.* Rogers and Rose—has been sent to America to have the point of jurisdiction advised on.

* * *

Actress: "You are a divorce lawyer, I understand?"

Lawyer: "Yes, madam; I secure divorces without publicity."

Actress: "Um! I'm in the wrong office. Good day, sir. I must have publicity."

WHISTLING BARRED AT DREAM GULCH.

Reform in a Lively Camp in Early History.

"There were a good many curious people in Dream Gulch in its earlier days," said an old "'Forty-niner," "but perhaps none of them was more curious than William Blint, the hearse driver. As a matter of fact, there was no hearse, but there was a wagon which was used for a hearse, and William Blint drove it. Blint's peculiarity lay in his whistling. And he wasn't a remarkably good whistler, either; but he whistled all the time, on duty and off. I've seen him walking into a cabin with a coffin on his shoulder, whistling. And I've seen him whistling while he was driving a hearse. And he wasn't a hard-hearted man, you understand; on the contrary, he was very gentle-hearted.

"There was an accident in one of the mines in the Gulch, and a lot of men were killed. The whole camp turned out at the funeral; in fact the whole camp was greatly touched, and even the gambling houses were closed. Among the miners at the funeral there was one named Melancthon Ingby, a newcomer. It so happened that when the procession started off this man Ingby was right alongside the head hearse, which Bill drove. When the procession moved Bill began to whistle as usual. This man Ingby listened to him for about a minute, apparently very much surprised, and then he surprised everybody else himself by shooting William off the box; and when Bill fell off into the road this man Ingby got up and took his place.

"There was an inquest over Bill, but Ingby was vindicated by the coroner's jury, and public sentiment vindicated him too. The fact is Bill's peculiarity had come over the Gulchers so gradually that they had never realised the true nature of it; but Ingby's pistol shot waked 'em up, and it led to a general demand on the authorities that the new hearse driver should be a man that didn' whistle."

SERIOUS FLAW IN A GLASS EYE.

Indian Chief Horn-in-the-Foot Wanted One He could See with.

The Medicine Man Bounced.

"The old pioneers had settled down for their smoke in the brain room of the club, at Montana, U.S.A.," writes a correspondent of The Mirror of Life, "when Hugh McQuaid remarked:—"I see that some smart newspaper men down East has started a rumour that the Crow Indians will get out of their blankets in the spring and clean up the settlers and the United States army. I would bet that a lot of cigar Indians would fight just as quick. Why a Crow hasn't got the courage of a jack rabbit to fight. The only trait of a white man—that is, some white men outside of this room—that a Crow has got is humour."

"Of course you mean yourself when you say outside this room?" said Dr. Churchill.

"Well, I mean all mining experts any how, but I remember back in '72 when a party was sent out here by the Interior Department to look up the condition of the Indians, and they asked me, as a newspaper man, to join them on a trip to the Crow agency. We had a fine time; no end of stuff to drink, and good shooting before we got to the agency. Then for the first day or two there were lots of figuring with the agents, distributing tracts and religious food to the squaws, &c., and finally a trip of twenty miles to the tepee of a chief named Horn-in-the-Foot, who lived near by the big medicine man. There was a fellow in our party from the Smithsonian Institution who wore a glass eye that was a dandy. Said it cost him 700 dols. in Paris, and could roll around in his head same as the other one. Well, we got to the old chief's camp and found him dressed like a fashion plate to receive us. Long head-dress of eagle feathers, bead-fringed mocassins, and all of that, but having only one eye. Learned later that the medicine man made him tear out the other in a war dance. We passed the time of day, and he said 'How,' and made the squaws and young bucks get down in the alkali dust and salute us. We made a few signs, in which the chief asked for firewater by trying to stand on his head, but we couldn't let him have any because it was against the law. Besides the supply was short. Finally the Smithsonian fellow thought he would have a little fun, so he takes the glass eye out of the socket and rolls it around in his hand. Well, you ought to see the old chief's face and the young bucks and squaws. They couldn't have been more surprised if that ghost that they looked for last year had dropped down in the party. The chief, however, recovered quicker than the rest, and seemed to catch an idea, for he reached out for the glass eye, and, after awhile, put it where his missing eye had been. Then the squaws and bucks give another yell, and off the whole crowd started for the medicine man's tent with us a-trailing in the rear. When we got there the chief let out a whoop, and out come the medicine man. He gave one look at the glass eye, and then fell on the ground and began to tremble and groan. You see, he understood that he had lost his pull. The chief gave him a kick in the ribs, and when he got up talked a little Crow, and pointed over towards the Yellowstone River, the same as to say that he was giving him ten minutes to get out of the camp. The interpreter told us afterwards that the chief said that any man who had to learn to make medicine from white people was a damn poor kind of a medicine man, and was not needed in those parts. Anyhow the doctor sneaked out of the tepee with a couple of blankets and a pipe, and was soon out of sight in the foothills.

"Well, we had a good time laughing while the Indians were dancing, not knowing of course where the eye came from. The chief put the horse on us, though, when we got ready to leave by handing back he eye to the Smithsonian fellow, and saying in Crow to come back next year, and the new medicine man would have an eye made that he could see with."

HE CAUSED MANY DEATHS.

A Fight between Negroes and Soldiery over a Murderer.

A fight took place at Wildwood, Florida, U.S.A., where a negro was recently murdered. The fight led to a riot on the part of the negroes, which was only quelled with some difficulty. Two days latter a posse of troops sought to arrest the murderer, and the negroes on their part endeavoured to protect him. A fusillade was opened on both sides and continued for some time, the blacks finally being driven off. Four of the negroes are known to be killed, fifteen are wounded, and a large number have been arrested. The negroes throughout the whole district are reported to be organising, and the governor of the state has consequently ordered reinforcements to the district.

A BETRAYER KILLED.

A Moonshiner Taken by Surprise.

His Capture Avenged by His Wife.

(Subject of Illustration.)

At mid-day the deputy marshal approached the cabin and shouted, "Bush, surrender! I have five men close at hand, and if you resist it will mean death to you and probably your family."

"I give up. What ails yo' all, anyway?"

"It's for moonshining, Bush."

"Huh! I'm not skeart of that. Reub Bush haint been hiding none from nobody."

A deputy United States marshal and posse on the one side, and the owner of a twenty-acre farm on the other. There's a still hidden away in some gorge of the mountain, but the marshal's men have spent days and days in a vain search. Someone has given information that Reub Bush is a moonshiner, however, and he is to be carried off to gaol in hope that a case may be worked up against him. In ten minutes the mountaineer is ready to go with the posse. He betrays neither indignation nor surprise. His wife has few questions to ask and no tears to shed.

"Who all did it, Reub?" queries the wife in a whisper.

"Dan Meachem, I reckon," he replies. "Him went to town to-day on his mewl. Him's jest that onery."

They handcuff him and hurry him away. The children run about and the woman tends to her household duties, but she recalled two or three other cases in which he was believed to be guilty of giving information, and as her heart hardened, she said aloud:

"If they all let Reub go it will be all right, but if they put him in prison Dan Meachem shall die."

There was no more thinking, or wondering, or planning. She had said she would do thus and so. Her resolution was unchangeable. She hoped her husband would return that day, but he did not. Days passed, and at the end of a week a neighbour told her that the Government had a case against Reub and would hold him for trial. She did not fling herself down and weep. Her eyes were not even moist as she turned to her children and said:

"Children, yo'r pop's gwine ter be shet up in jail fur a right smart while, and it's no use to look fur him."

"What's jail?" asked one in a dreamy way.

"Place fur pore folks who try to make a livin'. Scatter off to bed now, 'cause yo'r mam wants to think."

She sank in front of the log fire with her elbow on her knee and her chin on her hand until they were fast asleep. Then she rose and reached down the long-barrelled rifle from its resting place on the deer horns. It was loaded. She drew the charge, wiped the barrel clean, and reloaded. Her face had worn an expression of sadness as she sat looking into the fire. She had no sooner taken down the rifle than a dangerous gleam came to her eyes, and she shut her teeth so hard that her breathing was laboured.

"They all ar' gwine to hang to Reub," she said as she replaced the gun, "and to-morrer I'll ambush Dan Meachem."

That settled it. She was abed and asleep twenty minutes later. In the morning she would shoot the man who betrayed her husband to the officers. Why not? An eye for an eye had always been her maxim. Of course she would shoot him. He no doubt expected her to do so. She never slept more soundly than on this night. After breakfast next morning she said to the children:

"Mam's gwine to the cross roads. Yo' all kin keep the cabin while I'm gone."

Dan Meachem was hoeing corn in a field half a mile from his house. At 10 o'clock, as he reached the west end of a row and leaned on his hoe to rest for a moment, a tongue of flame darted out of the bushes, a rifle cracked, and the man fell back dead, shot through the heart.

"I said I would, and I hev," whispered Reub Bush's wife as she stood up and looked over the hazel bushes at the man lying on his back three rods away. "Dan was onery. Him give Reub up. Him deserved it."

At noon she was home with her children They were not observing children, or they would have noticed her pale face and compressed lips. She had work to do, but she laid it aside, and sat down on the doorstep with her pipe. She had shot a man. She was waiting for men to come and arrest her for the crime. She had been seen on the highway with the rifle on her shoulder, and no doubt she would at once be suspected. Very well, let them come.

An hour before sunset an officer drove up.

"Howdy, Mrs. Bush?"

"Howdy, Tom?"

"Got to go with me for shootin' Dan Meachem."

"Yaas."

She put on her sun bonnet, refilled and lighted her pipe, and was ready. The children betrayed no curiosity, asked no questions. As she followed the officer out to the wagon she said:

"Yo' all shut up the cabin an' go over to Uncle Jim's. They all is gwine to hang yo'r mam for shootin' Dan Meachem."

She climbed over the wheel to a seat on the wagon and was driven away never once glancing backward—not a word to the man who was driving her to her death.

WE ARE JUST MARRIED.

A Young Couple Victims of a Lad's Mischief.

(Subject of Illustration.)

The honeymoon idea is greatly changed in America since the days when the wedded lovers stole away to some secret retreat, using every known device to conceal their destination from their most intimate friends as well as to deceive everyone they met on the way concerning the newness of their wedding vows. Now the fashionable New York bride usually goes to some city hotel after her evening wedding to stay until the next day, if not longer, before she starts out on her wedding journey. The loyal friend who supports the husband during the trying ordeal in the capacity of "best man," and remembers all the things the husband is supposed to forget, secures the rooms at the hotel in advance, and possibly engages the accommodation on the train for the wedding journey.

Usually, however, the bride and her consort are left undisturbed by their friends, no matter how long they may remain in town, nor does anyone appear at the station when they depart, though neither the time of starting nor the destination is concealed. A very fashionable girl who married an Englishman returned in three days after the wedding to open her own house and to give out and receive invitations. As to the wedding tour, it is no longer deemed obligatory, and the English fashion of retiring for a short time to some country place is growing in America. It seems incongruous with the American girl's ideas of good taste to read of the going-away gowns of English brides, which are of pure white if the lady has royal antecedents, or of all sorts of light and fanciful materials, pale grey with white trimmings, or blue with fur and passementerie. For the American bride always chooses for this going-away gown the most quiet and genteel of colours, and not infrequently the clever bride-elect wears the gown just enough to take off the look of painful and embarrassing newness. But it must be remembered that the wedding journey of the English bride is usually a carriage journey, or at most a railway journey of a few hours in the compartment of a first-class carriage. Its destination is to some country house which a friend places at their disposal for a couple of weeks, where well-trained servants are sent on ahead to prepare everything for the comfort of the lovers, and where the cold and cruel world does not intrude.

A good story is told of a couple who tried the English honeymoon plan in Chicago by taking a railway journey the day following the ceremony. They were deeply infatuated with each other, and after boarding the train made themselves conspicuous by "spooning," to the amusement of the passengers in the carriage. A mischievous young lad, to make the scene appear more ridiculous, tacked on the back of the seat a sign which said "We are just married." Regardless of the suppressed giggling all over, the "spooning" continued till a small town was reached, when the loving couple left the train, and the young lad then gave vent to all manner of comic remarks

"GO EASY, OLD MAN."

A Dull Razor Resurrects the Dead

(Subject of Illustration.)

It is bad enough to shave the dead, but for one to come back to life when undergoing the scraping operation is sufficient to frighten a barber out of ever undertaking such a job. A curious incident occurred not many miles from Liverpool, which caused one barber to age ten years in as many seconds' time. After a long illness, a man to all appearances sought peace with his maker. He was placed in a coffin, and arrangements made for a burial. In the evening the wife of the supposed dead man secured the services of a barber that her spouse might at least possess a clean-shaven face before going to his everlasting resting place. The knight of the razor was none too careful in performing his duties, and whilst scraping one side of the face the corpse suddenly displayed signs of life. Getting partly up he said, "Go easy, old man." The barber cried for help, which brought the wife to the room. Explanations followed, and though the barber accepted the hospitality of a drink or two, it was some time before he regained his self-possession, when he hastened away with a feeling he will not forget for many a day.

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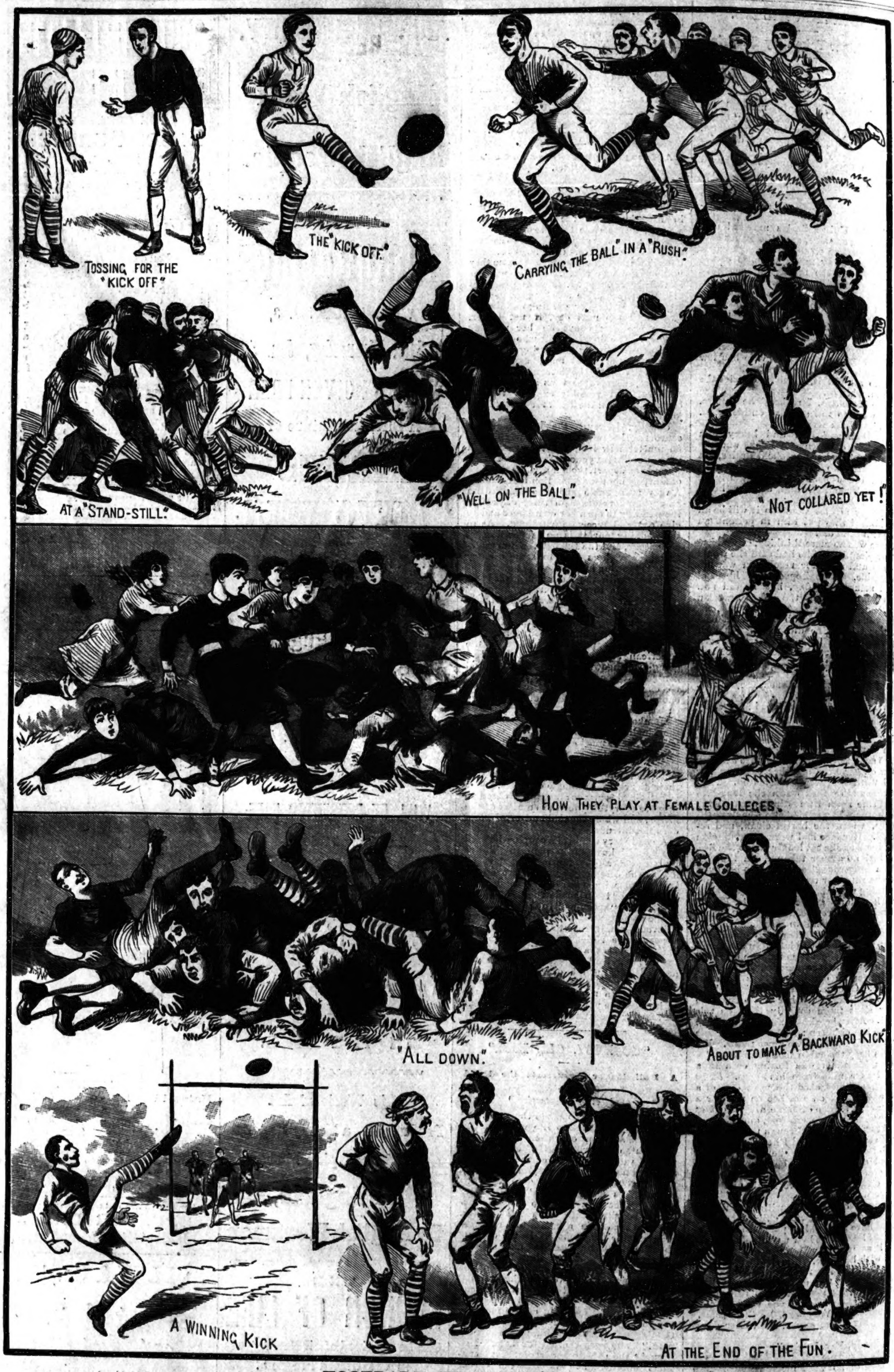
TOSSING FOR THE "KICK OFF"
THE "KICK OFF."
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AT A "STAND-STILL."
"WELL ON THE BALL."
"NOT COLLARED YET!"
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